Meditations OF MAN'S MORTALITIE.

OR, AWAY TO TRVE Blessednesse.

WRITTEN.

By Mrs. ALICE SVTCLIFFE wife of *Iohn Sutcliffe* Esquire, Groome of his Maiesties most Honourable Priue Chamber.

The Second Edition, enlarged.

ROM. 6.

The wages of Sinne is Death, but the guift of GOD, is Eternall life, through IESVS CHRIST *our Lord.*

LONDON
Printed by *B. A.* and *T. F.* for *Henry Seyle* at the *Tygers* head in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1634.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

THE MOST

ILLVSTRIOVS

AND

GRACIOVS

PRINCESSE,

KATHERINE

DVTCHESSE

OF

BVCKINGHAM:

AND

THE RIGHT

HONOVRABLE

AND

VERTVOVS

LADY,

SVSANNA,

COVNTESSE

OF

DENBEIGH

her Sister.

Graci-

Gracious Princesse:

WHen I read how the Gods sooner accepted of a Handfull of *Frankensence* offered by pure *Devotion*, then whole Hecatombes of *Arabian* Spices in *Ostentation*: I am incouraged, having duely consider-

red Your unlimited Goodnesse, to present this my Mite unto your *Grace*, and your Honourable Sister; For as you are Twinnes in *Virtues*, so I have joyned You in my *Devotions*: Where first, I most humbly crave of You to passe a favourable *Censure*, of my proceedings, it beeing, I know not usuall for a *Woman* to doe such things: Yet ELISHA sayth, *There is a Spirit in Man, and the inspiration of the Almightie giveth them Vnder-*

Vnderstanding. And it is sayd againe: *Out of the mouthes of Babes and sucklings, thou shalt perfect praise*. I am assured, I shall meet with mocking *Ishmaels*, that will carpe at *Goodnesse*; wherefore, I runne to Your selves for *refuge*, humbly craving to bee assisted by your *Graciousnesse*, which will appeare as the Splendant *Sunne* to disperse those *Mists*. I have chosen a *subiect* not altogether *Pleasing*; but my ayme is,

is, that it may prove *Profitable*, having observed in this short course of my Pilgrimage, how apt *Man* is, not to thinke of his *Mortalitie*, which stealeth upon him as a *Theefe in the night*: Experience teacheth mee, that there is no *Action* wisely undertaken, whereof the *End* is not fore-casted, in the first place, howsoever it bee last put in execution; I have ever accompted *Ingratitude*, to be like

a

a *Beast*, who having received *benefites*, thinkes not of any *acknowledgements*. Owing therefore, a due Debt of *Thankefulnesse* for Your unexpressable undeserved *Favours*, and being no wayes able to cause the desires of my Heart to appeare *worthy* your *Acceptances*, I have made choyse of this, as being perswaded thereto, by that truely Noble vertuousnes which hath evidently appeared in You, to the strengthe-

ning

ning of *Goodnesse*, that heere it may find *admittance*, which otherwise might want *Entertainement*; and for that you have beene more then a *Mother* to mee, I having onely from her received life, but next under God from your Grace, & your honorable *Sister* the being both of mee and mine. By which as there is none greater then your *Selfe* to whom in duty I am bound, so there is not any to whom I wish greater Prosperity both for

for *Temporall* and *Spirituall* blessings, then to your Grace; beseeching God to preserve you and your Honorable Off-spring here upon Earth, with my no lesse vertuous Lady your *Sister*, to whom I am tyed by the same bonds of *Thankfulnesse*, that as God hath made your *Renownes* great upon earth; so I beseech him to adde to your *Lives* length of dayes, and after life, Eternall happinesse in the Heavens,

vens, whither CHRIST is gone to prepare a place for You. I alwayes remayning.

Your Graces,

and your Honors

truely devoted

Servant,

Alice Sutcliffe.

AN

AN ACCROSTIQVE,

Upon the Renowned Name of the most vertuous Princesse, KATHERINE Dutchesse of Buckingham.

(***)

KNow

KNow you this Princesse, BVCKINGHAM's Chast Dutchesse?
A She aged Time with his worm-eaten Crutches,
TO find amongst the numbers of his Role
HEr Paralell, of such a Heavenly moule,
EXcelling so i'th' beauties of the Soule:
RIch in all Treasures, that to Virtue tend:
IN Faith, Hope, Charity; the blessed's end.
NOr is there ought, that lives in Woman kinde:
EXceeding the rare prowesse of her Minde.

Born

BOrne of High blood, from RYTLANDS Family:
VNited to a Duke of Royall state.
CVrs'd bee the time, more curs'd his cruelty
KIll'd him; and reav'd this Turtle of her mate,
IN peerlesse woe, we still lament that fate:
NOr shall his memorie e're out of date,
GOe on then Gracious Princesse, grac't by Fame,
HOnour shall still, attend your noble Name:
ANd as your Goodnesse hath abounded, so
MAy Heaven the greatest good on You bestow.

AN ACCROSTIQVE,

Vpon the Name of the Righ[illegible] Honourable, and truely vertuous Lady, SVSANNA, Countesse of Dr[illegible]

SEe heere a Lady, blessed in her birth

VNto whose Greatnesse, Goodne[illegible] ioyn'd is still

SVSANNA ne're so famous w[illegible] on Earth

AS is this Lady, lead by vertuous wi[illegible]

NOthing so sweete to her, as he[illegible] venly mi[illegible]

NO Musike sounds like *Halelui[illegible]* [illegible]

A Happy Soule, which those delights doth fi[illegible]

Daig[illegible]

DAigne then to view these lines, where truely I
EXpresse but truth, not vsing Flattery:
NO Fallaces within my mouth once lurkes,
BVt hates all those, that use dissembling workes.
EVen as your Goodnesse merits, so speake I
I Am your Servant, bound until I dye.
GIve leave, then gracious Lady, for I finde,
HEaven hath indu'd you [illegible] vertuous [illegible]

AN ACCROSTIQVE

Vpon the name and Titles of the
Right honourable and my ever
honored Lord, PHILIP *Earle*
of *Pembrooke* and *Montgomery*,
Lord Chamberlaine of his
Majesties Houshold,
&c.

PEMBROOKE's great Peere, your
Princely favour
HEere humbly crave, to guerdon
my weake pen,
IF this doth show my imbeci-
litie,
LIke a good Patron, shroud it
from bad men
BY your favours mov'd doe
this present
PRay then my Lord, accept my
good intent
Poore

POore are my weake endeavours,
yet if you,
ENcourage my Minerua: O
infant Muſe
MY cheriſht thoughts, by that,
may frame anew
BOoke of true thanks, unto your
Lordſhips uſe:
RIght Noble then, view but the
vertuous tract,
OF this ſmall Volume, and if
you ſhall finde,
OVght good expreſſed, by our
Sexes act,
KNow honor'd Lord, my ſtarres
are very kinde.

Mountgo-

MONTGOMERY, my Celique
Muſe doth mount
ON Cherubs wing, from this
low Orbe to heaven,
V[illegible] is here expreſt, vices
account;
[illegible] is a Tale, or Fable that is
given
TRuth never is aſham'd to ſhew
it's face:
GReat man and good, but
alwayes loves the light,
OMay it then, find an accepted
Grace
MOre cauſe a woman, did the
ſame indite,
EVen then as DEBORAH'S
ſweet tuned ſong,
—— Rung

TO

RVng out her sacred Peale, in holy Writ:

SO, I pray my heart, my pen, my tongue,

YEa all my faculties, may follow it:

Your Lordships

Devoted Servant,

Alice Suecliffe.

TO
Mrs. *Alice Sutcliffe*, on her divine Meditations.

WHen I had read
your holy Meditatiõs,
And in them view'd
th' uncertainty *of* Life,
The motives, *and true* Spurres
to all good Actions.
The Peace *of* Conscience,
And the Godly's *strife*,
The Danger *of* delaying
to Repent,
And the deceipt *of* pleasures,
by Consent.

he cõfort of weake Christiãs,
with their warning,
From fearefull back-slides;
And the debt we are in,
To follow Goodnesse;
by our owne discerning
Our great reward,
th' æternall Crown *to win.*
I sayd, who' had supp'd so deepe
of this sweet Chalice,
Must CELIA *bee,*
the Anagram *of* ALICE.

Ben. Ionson.

Vpon the Religious Meditations of Mrs. ALICE SVTCLIFFE.

TO THE READER.

WOuldst thou (fraile Reader) thy true Nature see?
Behold this Glasse of thy Mortality.
Digest the precepts of this pious Booke,
Thou canst not in a nobler Mirrour looke.
Though sad it seeme, and may loose mirth destroy,
That

That is not sad,
which leades to perfect Joy.
Thanke her faire Soule
whose meditation makes
Thee see thy frailtie;
nor disdaine to take
That knowledge, which
a Womans skill can bring.
All are not Syren-notes
that women sing.
How true that Sexe can write,
how grave, how well,
Let all the Muses,
and the Graces tell.

THO: MA

To Mr. Iohn Sutcliffe Esq. upon the receipt of this Booke written by his Wife.

Sir, I receiv'd your Booke
with acceptation,
And, thus returne
a due congratulation,
For that good fortune,
which hath blest your life
By making you
the *Spouse* of such a *Wife*.
Although I neuer saw her,
yet I see,
The *Fruit*, and by the *Fruit*
I judge the *Tree*.
My Praise addes nothing to it:
That which is
Well done, can praise it selfe;
and so may this.
To be a woman, 'tis enough with me,
To merit praise;
For I can never be
So

So much their *Friend*,
as they have heretofore
Deserv'd; although
they merited no more.
When, therefore
to their *Woman-hood* I finde
The love of sacred
Piety conioyn'd,
Me thinks I have
my duty much forgot,
Vnlesse I praise
(although I know them not)
But, when to *Woman-hood*
and good *Affections*,
Those rare *Abilities*,
and those *Perfections*,
Vnited are,
to which our *Sexe* aspire,
Then, forc'd I am
to *Love*, and to *admire*.
I am not of their mind,
who if they see,

Some

Some *Female-Studies*
fairely ripened be,
(With Masculine successe)
doe peevishly,
Their worths due honour
unto them deny,
By overstrictly
censuring the same;
Or doubting whether
from themselves it came,
For, well I know
(from Dame *Pallas* and the *Muses*,
Into that Sexe,
their faculties infuses,
As freely as to *Men*:
and they that know,
How to improve their *Guifts*,
shall find it so.
Then joy in your good Lot,
and praises due
To *Him* ascribe, that thus
hath honor'd you.

Geo. Withers.

Vpon the Meditations of Mrs.
ALICE SVTCLIFFE.

I Have no Muse my owne,
but what I see
Worthy of praise,
that is a Muse to me.
Divinity (the highest theame)
will find
No fitter subiect
then an humble mind,
And as in scorne of them
that are more fit
By instruments lesse notable
expresse their wit.
Almes and Devotion,
Zeale and Charity.
Might for thy Sexe
beseeming Scripture be,
But when thou speak'st
of death, and that iust doome
Which

Which ſhall on all
conditions, ages, come,
And thence deſcending
to Philoſophie,
Teacheſt vs take Nature
how to learne to dye:
It ſeemes to me
above thy Sex and State,
Some heavenly ſparke
doth thee Illuminate.
Live ſtill a praiſe,
but no example to
Others, to hope,
as thou haſt done, to doe.
Live ſtill thy ſexes honour,
and when Death
(With whō thou art acquainted)
ſtoppes thy breath
Fame to Poſteritie
ſhall make thee ſhine
And adde thy Name
vnto the Muſes nine.

PET: HEYVVOOD.

AN ENCOMIVM

vpon the Authoresse and Booke.

GReat Ladies that to vertue
are inclin'd,
See here the pious practice
of a wife,
Expressed by the beauties
of the Mind,
And now set forth
in Pictures of the life,

Wherein

Wherein matter and forme
are both at ſtrife
Who ſhall be Maſter:
but i'th end hands ſhooke,
For that they have
a Miſtreſſe to their Booke.

Whoſe Language I muſt needs
(in truth) admire,
And how ſuch Elegance
ſhould from her ſpring:
Vntill I thinke of Zeale
(that Celeſtiall fire)
Which might tranſport her ſoule,
by Cherubs wing
In Proſe or Numbers,
piouſly to ſing
Precepts of Praiſe,
worthy your approbation;

For

For she is Rara Avis
in our Nation.

And though her youth,
gives her no SYBIL *s name*
Nor doth she Prophecie,
as they of old:
Yet she's indu'd
with the most sacred flame
Of Poesie Divine;
and doth unfold
Nought but the truth,
and therefore may be bold.
Whose holy paines,
and study here expresst,
Shall Register her name
amongst the blest.
VRANIA,
is her most heavenly Muse.

Which

Which ſtyeth vpwards,
where her minde is placed.
She ſings ſuch Songs,
as DEBORAH *did vſe.*
When ſhe, and BARVCH
had their foes abaſcd;
For which, with Lawrell
ſhee may well be graced.
And ſtil'd the Paragon,
of theſe our Times,
In her ſweet Proſe,
and true compoſed Rimes.

But thinke not Ladies
that I doe contrive,
Numbers to mend
ought that is done amiſſe;
Or that I meane,
to keepe her name alive

VVhen

VVhen she is gone:
and pass'd to greater blisse,
For I ne're knew her,
when I framed this.
Onely I read her lines,
which forc't me praise
The Picture of her minde,
with this course bayes.

FRA: LENTON

THE

THE Contents of the ensuing Treatise.

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MEDI.

III.

V

VI

MEDITATIONS OF MANS Mortality.

I.

Wherein the uncertainty of Mans life is expressed, and of the fearefull end of the Wicked.

When I behold the Heavens & the earth, the workemanship of the Almighty, and see in all Creatures both for

com-

commodity and pleasure, which as a store-house, preserue all things for the behoofe and benefit of Man: I cannot but vse to my selfe, the saying of the Prophet DAVID; Lord! what is Man, that thou shouldest thinke on him; or the Sonne of man, that thou shouldest be mindfull of him, thou hast made him but a little lower then the Angels; thou hast crowned him with honour and worship; by reason of which, I thinke him to be only happy, and a God vpon earth; and that there is no blessednes beyond this: but looking into him with more deliberation, I find his

Psalm. 8.

is breath is in his nostrils, Eccles. 3.
and that hee is as the Beast
that perisheth; I find his
state to be but a span and
the perpetuity of his Hap-
pinesse, no better then a
flower; which flourish-
eth to day, and to morrow
is cut downe and withe-
reth; and that his habita-
tion is but a Pilgrimage,
hee hath no certaine abi-
ding; I perceiue there is
no building of Tabernac-
les heere; this is no place
of rest. I remember the
rich man, that sayd to his
soule, There was much laid Luke, 12.
vp for many yeares; but
that night his soule was
taken from him; and how
that after Death hee must

give an account of his Stewardship, for they are not his, but lent him of the Lord; neyther to abuse through excesse, nor niggerdice, but to put them foorth to the best vse, and to the glory of him who is the giver of all good things.

For it is true, that a Philosopher sayth; Hee that seeketh for true Happines in this wprld, followeth a shaddow, which when hee thinketh hee is surest of, vanisheth and is nothing; and the Apostle sayth; If in this life wee were onely happie, wee were of all men most miserable.

Seeing then it is so, That man which is borne of a woman hath but a short time to live, and that few and euill are the dayes of his Pilgrimage, pointed out but to Threescore and tenne, and if Nature be-friend him so farre, as to afford him life till Fourescore, yet is it so full of infirmities, that it becomes a burthen to him, Life being a brittle and miserable estate, which chaineth the pure and eyer-lasting soule, to a vile, sinfull, and corruptible body. Yet where is hee, that takes the Wise mans counsell, To remember his Creator in the dayes of his

Iob. 14.

Eccles. 12.

his Youth, before the e-
vill day comes, and the
time approach, in the
which, he shall say; I have
no pleasure in them; for if
a man live many yeares
and rejoyce in them all,
yet let him remember the
dayes of Darknes, for they
are many; the Sun sets and
riseth againe; but thou a-
las, when thy glasse is run,
and the short gleame of
thy Summers Sun is spent,
shall never returne againe.
How soone alas, is thy span
grasped, thy minute wi-
sted, thy flower dead, thy
vapor of life gone; with-
out thought, without
dread, eyther of sinnes past,
or accompts to come?

Where

Where is there one, that looks into the estate of his Soule, with a serious eye, that examines his conscience, unvayleth his heart, and considereth his wayes, and how that he is every day of his life, a dayes journey neerer his end, and nothing is wanting for the expiration thereof, but the stroke of death, which cometh in a moment; and then thou art gone, either to unexpressable endlesse Ioyes, or easelesse and endlesse miseries. For no sooner art thou borne to possesse this World, but death issueth forth incontinently out of his Sepulcher, to finde thy life; neyther

ther doth he alwayes send his harbinger before to acquaint thee with his coming, but many times entreth unexpected, unlooked for; and yet darest thou rest in security, me thinkes it should make thee tremble, were not thy conscience seared; to think of the divineneſſe of that Iuſtice, before whom, thou art to ſtand, being in the day of his Wrath, and at the barre of his Iudgment: canſt thou thinke then, to bee able to indure his angry eye, whoſe ſight will pierce to the very centure of thy heart and ſoule, and rip up every feſtred corner of thy conſci-

ence?

ence? O then! bethinke thy selfe in time, before that gloomy day comes, that day of Cloudes and thicke darkenesse, that day of desolation and confusion approach; when all the Inhabitants of the Earth shall mourne and lament, and all faces shall gather blacknesse. *Ioel.* 2. Because, the time of their Iudgment is come; alas! with what a fearefull hart and weeping eyes, and sorrowfull countenance, & trébling loynes, wilt thou at that last and great assize looke upon CHRIST IESVS, when he shall most gloriously appeare, with innumerable Angels in flaming fire, to

render vengeance on them that know him not? What a cold dampe will seaze upon thy Soule, when thou shalt behold him whom thou hast all thy life long, reiected in his ordinances, despised in his members, and neglected in his loue? what horror and terror of spirit will possesse thee; how wilt thou cry to the Rockes and Mountaines to fall upon thee, and cover thee from the fiercenes of his Wrath; when thou shalt behold, the Heavens burning, the Elements melting, the Earth trembling, the Sea roaring, the Sunne turne into darknes, and the Moone into bloud:

how

how will thy numberlesse sinnes in hideous formes appeare before thee, every one of them bearing the Ensignes of Gods heavie displeasure, dipped in a bloudy coloured dye; and crying out, for vengeance against thee: alas! if thy faultering tongue should go about to faine some breathing shew of a colourable excuse, how soone would it be stopped, all thy actions both for thoughts, words, and deeds, being registred in a booke, and kept within the Court of Heaven. Oh remember! how terrible his voyce was when he gave his Law to his chosen people, and thinkest

keſt thou it will bee leſſe terrible, when he ſhall demand an account of that Law, which thou haſt ſo many times careleſly broken. Oh then, whether will his wrath carry thee, where will the blaſt of his breath hurry thee, it was thy ſins that inflamed his wrath, & his wrath will inflame that fire which will never goe out: Oh then alas, whil'ſt thou haſt time, become thy owne friend, looke into thy ſelfe, and by a ſerious examination, prove the Pilot of thy owne Ship, which now lyeth floating on the Seas of this troubleſome World, ballanc'd onely with cares, and diſquieting pleaſures of this life, and how

how thou sayl'st with a full course, towards the haven of endlesse Happines; yet one blast of unprepared death will turne thy sayles, and plunge thee irrecoverably into that bottomlesse Gulfe, where one houres torment will infinitely exceed all the pleasures thy whole life contained; and wilt thou now standing upon the very brim of Hell, melt in thy delights? Alas, slippery is thy footing, and thy hold but by the thread of life, which stretched to the length, soone crackes: yet how triflingly spendest thou thy pretious time, wringing out thy spirits, and robbing thine eyes of their

beloved

beloved sleepe, for those things, to the which, the time will come, that the very remembrance of them will be bitter, and to the which, thou must bid an everlasting farewell.

Yet not considering these things, how many are there, that only spend their time in follity, and suddainly goe downe to the Grave, they cry to themselves; Peace, peace, when sodaine Destruction overtakes them, not once thinking of IEREMIAS lamentation for *Jerusalem*; wherein hee complaines, That shee remembred not her last end. *Lamen.* 1.

Would they but consider,

der, that as the Tree fal-
leth so it lyeth; and as
Death leaves them, so shall
Indgement finde them;
they would not draw Ini-
quity with cords of vani-
ty, nor sinne as with cart-
ropes; did they thinke
upon the reward of Sinne;
did they consider how full
of griefe and misery; how
short and transitorious
this present life is, and the
vaine Pleasures thereof e
how on every side, theyr
enemies compasse them,
and that Death lyeth in
wayte against them, every
where catching them so-
dainly and unawares. Did
that saying often sound in
theyr eares, *Arise and*
come

come to Judgement, they would not deferre their Repentance to their last end or their old age, when it cannot be sayd, that they leave Sin, but sinne them. Shall they offer to the Divell, the World, and their own flesh, the flower and strength of their yeares, and serve God with the lees and dregs: when the Prophet MALACHY complayned of the peoples evill Offerings, hee sayd; Offer it now unto thy Governour, will hee be pleased with thee or accept thy person: and can they thinke, this great GOD will bee pleased with them. IS RABSHE-

Mal. 1.

King. 18

CHA

cus and HOLOFERNES, but Messengers for theyr Lords, tooke it so ill, that the Iewes came not forth to make theyr peace with them, that they threatned nothing should pacifie their furie but theyr Destruction; How much more, shall this King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, whose wrath is so kindled for theyr wickednesse, condemne them into vtter Darknesse, where shall bee wayling and gnashing of teeth, (for no dead carrion so lothsomly stinketh in the nostrils of an earthly man, as doth the wicked, abhominable vnrepentant man, in the presence Iudith. 5.

sence of God; } yet not considering this, they goe on in a careleſſe ſecurity, heaping one ſinne upon another, till the burthen become unſupportable, and the vials of Gods wrath ready to bee powred on them, not once calling them to theyr remembrance; or if they doe, it is ſo farre from Contrition, that it is rather a delight to them, often glorying in the often comittings thereof; they neyther thinking of theyr account, nor their end, wherein yet they might haue ſome happines; if death were the diſſolving both of their body & ſoule.

For being rid of their bodies,

bodies, they should also be rid of their soules and sinnes? But forasmuch, as it is evident, that the Soule is immortall, there is left no comfort for the wicked to trust in. Therfore, let such remember Esav, Who hauing once rejected the Blessing, could not after obtayne it, though he sought it with teares, when it is too late, with the fiue Foolish Virgins, they may cry; Lord, Lord, open to vs; but the gates of Mercy will bee shut, and it will be answered, *I know you not.*

Gen. 27.

Math. 25

Then woe bee to the sinfull wicked men, that haue not power to turne from

from the filthy workes of this sinfull and wretched World, that hindereth them from the blissfull state, and keepeth backe theyr Soules from the presence of God: For when Gods Serjeant Death, shall arrest them, and they shall bee summon'd to appeare before the Tribunall of the Almighty, with what terrible feare will that Soule be shaken and smitten, and with how many speares of a piercing Conscience, is shee gored and thrust through; he will the begin to thinke of the time past, present, and that to come; the time past, he may behold with astonishment

nishment, to perceive how fast it fleeted, and the multitude of sinnes therein committed, of the which were accounted pleasures, but are now terrors, for every one of which he must answere, for as saith a Philosopher: An accusing Conscience is the secret & most terrible thing that can be, as the approaching and cōming of Death, and infinit & unspeakable are the feares and griefes it will bring with it; for then he will grieve, that the time of Repentance hath been so ill & lewdly past, he seeth the divine cōmandements which he hath contemned: he is afflicted,

because

because he seeth the inevitable houre approach, of rendring an account, & of the divine just vengeance; he would tarry still, but he is constrained to depart; he would recover that is past, but time is not granted; if he looke behind him, he seeth the course and race of his whole life lesse, as a moment of time; if he looke before, he beholdeth the infinit space of Eternity which expecteth him, he sorroweth and sobbeth, because he hath lost the joy of everlasting Eternity, which hee might have obtained in so short a time; hee tormenteth himselfe, because he

hath

hath lost the ineffable
ſweetneſſe of perpetuall
delight, for one ſenſuall,
carnall, and momentany
pleaſure; he bluſheth, con-
ſidering, that for that ſub-
ſtance which is Wormes-
meat, he hath diſpiſed
that which Angels prize
ſo highly, and weighing
the glory of theſe immor-
tall riches, he is confoun-
ded that he hath changed
them for the baſeneſſe and
vildeneſſe of Temporall
things; but when he caſt-
eth his eyes upon things
below, and ſeeth the darke
and obſcure valley of this
world, and beholdeth the
vaine, the ſhining bright-
neſſe of eternall Light,

blinded then

then he confesseth, that all that he loved in this world, was black night and ugly darkneſſe.

To behold the time preſent, is as ill; for there he can finde nothing but weakeneſſe and paines; his friends eyther mourning by him, or elſe not able to ſtay with him, to ſee his torments, which in this life, God hath begun to let him taſte; having paineful Limbes, darke Eyes, a faultering Tongue, hard browes, ſhort breath, and a panting heart, haſting to appeare before God, who he muſt behold; not as his Father, but a moſt ſeuere Iudge, whoſe pure eyes

beheld

beheld all his actions, and that through all his life saw nothing but wickednesse, no sorrowing teares to wash away those pollutions; and therefore that leporous life must receiue a heanie condemnation: there will not be any to speake for him, neyther will he be able to answere one word for a thousand; all those pleasures now stand up to accuse him, and his owne Conscience giues in evidence against him, saying to himselfe the words of SALOMON; How haue I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproofe, and I haue not obeyed the voyce of my teachers, Pro. 5.

chers, nor enclined mine eare to them that instructed me; woe is me poore wretch, into what a labo-rinth haue my sinnes led me, how suddenly, and thinking nothing lesse, hath this houre intrapped me, how hath it rushed vpon me, I never dreamed of it; what doe now my Honours profit me, what doe now all my Dignities helpe me, what doe all my friends for me, what profit doe now my servants bring mee, what fruit doe I now reape of all my riches and goods which I was wont to possesse; for now a small piece of ground of seaven foot will containe me,

me, and I must be content with a dwelling in a narrow Coffin, and with a lodging in a poore Winding sheet; my riches, shall remaine here behind mee, which I scraped togeather with so great toyle, and sweating, others shall enjoy them, and shall spend them on theyr pleasures, onely my sinnes, which I haue committed in gathering them, wayte upon me, that I may suffer deserved punishment for them; what can I make now of all my Pleasures and Delights, seeing they are all over-past, onely theyr dregges are my Potion, which are scruples and

bytings of Conſcience, which like Thornes doe pierce me, and runne thorough my miſerable heart.

In what taking is this poore Soule; if time were now againe, with what an auſtere kinde of life would hee paſſe it, how would hee ſhun all thoſe alluring Syrens, ſower ſauce findes he for his ſweetes, and for a minute of Pleaſures, muſt poſſeſſe a world of Woes; nay, woes without end, ſoone ended thoſe delights, endleſſe are thoſe miſeries.

O thou wretched man! thou that didſt choſe, rather to ſit by the Fleſh-

pots

pots of Ægypt, then by induring a little wearisome travailes, to enter into the promised Land, which floweth with Milk and Honey; See! O see now, what a long chayne of Miseries, those thy short Pleasures have wrought thee. O thou foolish and senceleſſe! hadst thou no respect to the death of CHRIST, who dyed to redeeme thee, but that by thy sinnes, thou must anew Crucifie him, and make his Wounds to bleed afresh? Thou hast againe, nayled him to the Crosse by thy pollutions! thou hast againe, pierc'd his side, not with one, but many

ſpeares of Blaſphemy, and as it were piece-meale, tearing him from Heaven! thou haſt grinded him, by thy oppreſſions, which thou didſt to maintaine thy ſuperfluous delights.

It was his love, that cauſed him to undergoe his Fathers wrath, for thy ſake; but what one ſinne, haſt thou left for his? Canſt thou ſay, and that truly, that thou haſt ſpared one diſh from thy Belly, to feed his hungry Members; or one Garment from thy exceſſive apparell, to cloth the naked; or one houres ſleepe, to meditate on his miſeries: a poore requitall of ſuch infinite Love!

Was

Was CHRIST ſtretched on the Croſſe, and couldeſt thou recount it nothing to ſtretch thy ſelfe vpon thy downy Beds of ſinne? Did CHRIST ſuck downe Vineger and Gall for thee, and couldeſt thou without pricke of Conſcience, ſurfeit with overflowne Boles? Was CHRIST crowned with Thornes, and couldeſt thou crowne thy ſelfe with eaſe and pleaſure? Then now behold, (O thou rich Glutton!) thou, who wouldeſt never caſt up thine eyes to behold the true happines, till it was too late, and conſider what the allurements of the Fleſh now

profit you, which you then so much delighted in? What is become of your Riches? where are your Honours? where are your Treasures? where are your Delights? were are your Ioyes; the seaven yeares of Plenty are past, and other seaven yeares of Dearth and scarcity are come, which have devoured up all your Plenty, no memory or footsteps being left of it. As it is in Iob, Drought and heate, consume the Snow waters; so doth the Grave, those that have Sinned; your Glory is now perished, and your Felicity is drowned in the sea of Sorrowes, not one-

Iob. 24.

ly

ly your delights have not profited you, which you injoyed in this World; but they ſhall bee the cauſes of greater Torments: witneſſe the Glutton in the Goſpell, who fared deliciouſly every day, being in Hell; was not that member his Tongue, moſt tormented, which gave him the greateſt delight in Sin.

Nay, ſpeedily and unexpected, this horror ruſheth upon them; for, as everlaſting Felicity, doth quickly follow the Godly, in the ſhort race of theyr Miſery; ſo everlaſting Miſery, quickly followeth the ungodly, in the ſhort race of theyr worldly Felicity.

It were better therefore, for a man to live poorely, being assured of the bliſſe of Heaven, then to be deprived thereof, though during life hee poſſeſſe all worldly riches; for intollerable, are the burthens they bring with them, seeing that the Scripture sayth; Where much is given, much is againe required: beſides, the memory of the ungodly ſhall periſh, as saith Iob; The pitifull man, ſhall forget him, the Worme ſhall feele his ſweetneſse, he ſhall bee no more remembred, and the Wicked ſhall bee broken like a Tree.

Iob. 24.

II.

Motives and Inducements to true Godlinesse.

HAving already spoken of the unstability of Mans life, & the wretched estate the Wicked is in, at the houre of his Death; I will now also set downe, some Motives for incouragements to true Godlinesse, wherin it shall easily bee discerned, that Godlinesse excelleth Wickednesse, as farre as Light exceleth Darknesse; It is a thing, both usuall and lamenta-

mentable, to see how men goe on in wickednesse, and can neyther bee drawne, to thinke of theyr end by the dayly examples of Mortality; nor wonne to remember, the infinitnesse of Gods Love by their dayly preservations; they call not once to theyr remembrance, the saying of the Apostle PAVL, wherein hee admonisheth them, to worke out theyr Salvation with feare and trembling; by which, hee depriveth them of all kind of security; and the Prophet IEREMIAH eryeth unto them and sayth; O earth! earth! earth! heare the Word of the Lord.

Jerem. 22.

Shew-

Shewing thereby, that howsoever they esteeme of themselves, yet, they are but dust; whose glory is but for a moment, and all their Pleasures, but *Decepcio visus*; For that there is no Peace (saith the Lord) of the Wicked. *Esa.* 48.

Wherefore, consider this yee that forget GOD, least he teare you in pieces, and there bee none to deliver you; feare this God, for he is iust; love this God, for hee is Mercifull; stand in awe and Sinne not, commune with your hearts, consider your wayes, make your Peace with him, seeke the Lord, whileſt he may bee found; If his *Psal.* 14. *Psal.* 2.

wrath

wrath be kindled, yea but a little, blessed are all those that puts theyr trust in him.

O taste, and see! how good GOD is, he is a God of Mercies; and delights not in the Death of a Sinner, as hee sayth; Have I any pleasure at all, that the Wicked should dye, sayth the Lord; and not that hee should returne from his wayes and live: hee will bee found of them that seeke him, hee hath ingaged his word for it, and againe he saith; Those that come to mee, I will not cast away; nay, hee calleth with aboundance of love: Come unto mee, all yee that

Ezech. 18.

Matth. 11.

that are wearie and heavie laden with the burthen of your ſinnes, and I will eaſe you; hee is that good Samaritaine, he may powre in Wine to make thoſe wounds of your Sinnes to ſmart, but hee will againe refreſh you with the oyle of his Mercies: O then I proſtrate thy ſelfe at his feete, creepe under the wing of his compaſſion; for he is ſlow to wrath, and of much mercy, and repenteth him of the euill: alaslit was thy weakeneſſe that made thee ſinfull, and thy ſins haue made the miſerable, & thy miſerie muſt now ſue to his mercie; if thy miſery were without ſinne, Ioel. 2.

ſinne, then thou mighteſt pleade before his Iuſtice, and his Iuſtice would releeue thee; but for that it proceedeth from ſinne, approach the barre of his mercy, and thou ſhalt finde the luſtre thereof to ſhine through all his workes; remember Chriſts owne words were: I am not ſent, but to the loſt ſheepe of the houſe of *Iſrael*; what, though with the woman in the Goſpell, he call thee dogge, wilt thou therefore leaue off thy ſute; conſider, that the tender mother many times for faults committed by her childe, hideth her louing countenance and as it were

Matt. 15.

alto-

altogether reiecteth it, not for any hatred she beareth to the childe, but thereby to indere the obtaining of his favour, and to cause the greater feare of offending; if then, thou seasing thy sute goeth without mercy, whome wilt thou accuse: Christ sayd to *Ierusalem*, Thy destruction is of thy selfe, O *Ierusalem*! but in me, is thy saluation. Christ came not, to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

Hee is infinitely good, and hurteth no man, vnlesse the blame be in himselfe, through his owne default; for, as the Sunne beame, is cleare and comfortable in it

it ſelf, and ſo is it to the eye that *is* ſound, yet to a ſore eye, it is very grieuous, not through any default in the ſunne, but by the diſeaſed diſpoſition of the eye; ſo albeit, he in himſelfe, be perfectly good, and doth nothing but good; yet to an vnrepentant ſinner he is grievous and terrible, but if he returne to him by unfained repentance, he ſoone inclineth to mercy; as is euident in that woman, whom Chriſt ſo called; upon her humiliation and acknowledging her ſelfe to be no better, ſhe receiueth this gracious anſwer; Be it vnto the euen as thou wilt; and againe, in the *Ni-*

niuites;

nivites; though his decree was gone out against them, that yet forty dayes, and *Ninivie* should be destroyed, upon their unfained repentance, he also repented of that euill, and with aboundance of mercy revoked that sentence; For the eyes of the Lord, beholds all the earth, to strengthen them, that with a perfect heart beleeve, and hope in him; and againe, it is sayd; O how good is the Lord unto them, that put theyr trust in him, and to the Soule that seeketh after him; never was there any forsaken, that put theyr trust in him: and though the hand of your Faith, be not

Ionah. 3.

2 *Chro.* 16

Lament. 3

not ſtrong enough to lay faſt hold on him, as IACOB did, who ſayd; I will not let thee goe, unleſſe thou bleſſe mee; yet, if hee perceiue thee creeping after him, hee will imbrace thee, for hee hath ſayd; The bruiſed Reede, I will not breake, and the ſmoaking Flaxe, I will not quench; that is, hee will not reiect the deſires of the heart, though in weake meaſure, if unfeyned, and what he hath promiſed, is Truth.

Gen. 32.

Math. 12.

Hee loveth not, as man loveth; for they in proſperity will regard vs, but if Afflictions or wants come, they regard us not; but ſo

ſo farre is our good God from this, that his beloved Sonne CHRIST IESVS, tooke our ſhape upon him, ſuffering Hunger, Cold, Nakedneſſe, Contempt, and Scornings; for his owne mouth teſtified, That the Foxes had Holes, and the Birds of the Ayre had Neſts, but the Sonne of Man, had not whereon to lay his head; ſhowing thereby to us, how farre hee was from contemning our Povertie, or refuſing us for our wants; let us therefore flie to this God, who will not fayle us nor forſake us: let us caſt our care upon him, for hee careth for us, and let us firſt

ſeeke

seek the Kingdome of heaven, and the righteousnesse thereof, and all things else shall bee ministred unto us.

How many haue beene knowne, which haue gayned to themselves, Riches, or Honours, by unlawfull meanes, that have prospered, but if for a time they have seemed to doe well, their Posteritie have come to ruine, and theyr owne ill-gathered treasure, like a dilating Gangrene, hath rotted theyr owne memory, and consumed every part of theyr heyres possession; seeming as it were, a Curse and doome, intayled with the land upon the

sour, and so proveth, not a Blessing, but the bane of him that Injoyed it.

They may for a time, flourish like a Bay Tree, but suddainely they fade and their place is no where to bee found. Oh therefore! that they would consider, what great evils, and how many inconveniences, this small prosperity bringeth with it, they should find this love of Riches, more to afflict, by desire, then to delight, by use: for it inwrappeth the Soule, in divers temptatiõs, & bindeth it in infinit cares, it allureth it with sundry delights,

provoketh it to sinne, and disturbeth the quiet, no lesse of the body then of the Soule, and that which is greater; Riches are never gotten, without troubles, nor possessed, without care, nor lost, without griefe; but that which is worst, they are seldome gathered, without sinne and offence to GOD? Why then, should man bee so greedy of this Worlds pelfe, life beeing so short, and death following at our heeles? What neede is there of so great Provision, for so short a Iourney? What would man doe with so great Riches; especially, seeing that the

lesse

leſſe he hath; the more lightly and freely hee may walke, and when hee ſhall come to the end of his pilgrimage, if he be poore, his eſtate ſhall not be worſe then rich mens, who are loden with much gold; the Grave ſhall both alike containe them, as ſayth Iob; The ſmall and great are there, and the Servant is free from his Maſter. Iob. 3.

Nay, it is better with the poore, then with the rich; for they ſhall feele leſſe griefe in parting with this traſh and pelfe of the World, and a ſmaller accompt is to be rendred before GOD; whereas on the other ſide, Rich men

leaves theyr Mountaines of Gold, with great griefe of heart, which they adored as GOD; neyther are they, without exceeding great hazard and danger, in rendring an accompt for them: Besides, as hee came forth of his Mothers Wombe, so naked shall he returne, to goe as hee came; and shall take nothing of his labour which he may carry away in his hand. Therefore a little that a Righteous man hath, is better then the Riches of many wicked. I have seene sayth DAVID, in the same Psalme; The wicked in great power, and spreading himselfe like a greene

Eccles. 5.

Psalm. 7.

By

slay trees, yet hee passed a-
way, and loe hee was not;
I sought him but hee could
not bee found, the trans-
gressours shall be destroyed
together, the end of the
Wicked shall bee cut off;
but marke the upright
man, and behold the Iust,
for the end of that man is
Peace.

Thrice blessed then is
that man, that feareth
God, and they whose God
the Lord is, and he that
sets his feare alwayes be-
fore his eyes; For they Iob. 5.
shall bee delivered out of
sixe troubles, and in the
seaventh, no evils shall
touch them, in Famine, he
shall redeeme them from

Death, and his Warre, from the power of the sword, they shall come to the Grave in a full age, like as a shocke of Corne commeth in, in his season: They may for a time bee hungry, but they shall be filld, for God himselfe will feed them with blessings from aboue and from beneath. Even naturall reason will not suffer them to doubt, for he that giveth meate in due season, to Ants and Wormes of the Earth, will he suffer Man to famish, who night and day serve and obey him, as CHRIST himselfe saith in MATTHEW; Behold the Fowles of the heaven, for

Math. 6.

for they sow not, neyther reape nor cary into Barnes, yet your heavenly Father feedeth them, are yee not much better then they? This happiness moved DAVID to invite us to serve the Lord, saying; O feare the Lord! yee that be his Saints, for they that feare the Lord lack nothing, the Lyons doe lacke and suffer hunger, but they that seeke the Lord, shall want no manner of thing that is good. Psalm. 34

The ungodly man, when he is full of wealth dyeth for hunger, and when they sit even up to the lips in water, yet they are flaine with thirst, as the Poets in-

in times past, fabled of TANTALVS. But though many and great be the troubles of the Righteous, yet the Lord delivereth them out of all. For the eyes of the Lord is over the Righteous, and his Eare is open to theyr cry,
Psalm. 34 but the Face of the Lord is against them that do evill, to cut off theyr Remembrance from the Earth.

Who would be unwilling then, to suffer ignominies and scornings, rather then with the wicked, to
Revel. 21. injoy the pleasures of Sin for a season; God himselfe will wipe all teares from theyr eyes, hee will give them Ioyes for theyr Sorrowes,

rowes, as hee sayth; Blessed are yee that now Weepe, for yee shall Rejoyce, troubles in this life, are badges of Gods Children, Whom the Lord loveth, hee chastiseth, and correcteth every Sonne that he chuseth with Patience; Therefore, possesse your Soules, and remember who it is, that sayd; You are not of the World, as I am not of the World, the world hateth you, because it hated mee first, if you were of the world, the world would love you. *Prov. 3.* *Luke, 21.* *John, 15.*

Oh, blessed Sufferings! that makes us like to God himselfe, if wee had the Wisedome of SALOMON,

the Treasure of Croesus, and the long life of Methusalem, and out of the favour and love of God, our Wisedome were Foolishnesse, for to know him, is perfect wisedome, our Riches were drosse, for riches will not avayle in the day of Wrath, and that life, so long and wickedly led, no better, then a man that dreames hee is a King, honoured of all and wanting nothing, when waking, hee findes himselfe hated of all, and wanting all things.

III.

Of the Peace of a good Conscience, and the joyfull end of the Godly.

SALOMON, having set himselfe to behold all things that were under the Sun, & having taken to himselfe, all that could bee delightfull, for what can he doe more that commeth after the King, at last concludeth; That all the dayes of Man, are sorrowes, and his travailes, griefe; therefore sayth he; I hated life, for all is Vanity and vexation Eccles. 2.

of Spirit; and perceiving how apt men were, to follow what delights this world could affoord them, scoffes at theyr folly, and by way of derision sayth:

Eccles. 11 Rejoyce O young man in thy Youth, & let thy heart cheare thee in the dayes of thy youth, and walke in the wayes of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes, yet would hee not let them goe on thus, but gives them an *Item*, saying; But know, that for all these things, God will bring thee to Judgement, for though, sayth hee: A Sinner doe evill an hundred times, and his dayes bee prolonged; yet surely

I know, that it shal be well with them, that feare God.

These Caveats, the godly man placeth before his remembrance, least hee should fall into errors, and making his life of no value to him, hee despiseth all things, onely ayming at that, may make him happy, which is, a good Conscience, for that will bring him peace at the last; death being to a godly man, the ending of Sorrowes, and the beginning of Ioyes; he doth then begin to live with God, when hee dyes to the World, as it is sayd in *Ecclesiastes*; Who so feareth the Lord, it shall goe well with him at the last, *Eccles. 8.*

last, and in the day of his Death, hee shall be blessed.

And St. IOHN, was commanded to Write: Blessed are the Dead, that dye in the Lord, even so sayth the Spirit; that they may rest from theyr labours, & their works follow them. How can that man bee discouraged, that heareth this of the Lord, in the houre of his Death, when he findeth himselfe hasting thither, where hee shall receive that, which he hath all his life-time desired. Revel. 14.

And Saint AVGVSTINE, speaking of the Death of a Good man, sayth; He that desireth to bee dissolved, & be with Christ, dyeth not Patiently, but liveth Patiently,

ently, and dyeth delightsomely, and it may be sayd: That like a Swan he dyeth singing, yeilding the glory to God which calleth him. With what joy doth that Soule behold his end, who hath all his Life-time possessed a good Conscience, nothing fearfull can presentit selfe before him, he sees all his sinnes, not of a Crimson die, but White as wooll, washed by the blood of Christ; he beholds him, not as his Iudge, but his Saviour and Mediatour, his Iudge is his Brother, God in Christ is become his Father, hee hath no debts to pay, *Christ Iesus* on the Crosse hath Cancelled

celled the hand writing that was against him, and hath not onely made him free, but also an heyre of the Kingdome of Heaven. The presence of Death, is not terrible to him, for he feareth not Death, because hee feared GOD, and hee that feareth him need feare none other: hee feareth not Death, because he feared Life, but feare of Death, are the effects of an evill Life; hee feareth not Death, because through all his life hee learned to dye, and prepared himselfe to dye; but a man prepared and provident, need not feare his Enemy; he feareth not Death, because so long

long as he lived, he sought for those things that might helpe him, that is, for Vertues and good Workes; hee feareth not Death, because to a Righteous man, Death is not death, but a sleepe, it is not Death, but an end of all labours, it is not Death but a way unto life, and a Ladder unto Paradice; for hee knoweth, that Death hath lost all the bitternesse of Death, after it hath passed through the veynes of Life, and that it hath received the sweetnesse of life: hee feareth not the presence of Divels, because he hath CHRIST his defender and Captaine: he fea-

reth

reth not the horror of the grave, because he knoweth that his body is sowne a corruptible body, but shall rise againe, in incorruptible body, often boasting in the strength hee hath gained by Christ, saying with cheerefulnesse of spirit; O Death, where
2. Cor. 15. is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? The strong man, death comes not upon him unawares; for hee hath layd up in store for himselfe a good foundation against
1. Tim. 6. this time, which was to come, that hee might lay hold on Eternall life.

Ephes. 5. Even the brest-plate of righteousnesse, the shield

of

of Faith, the Helmet of Salvation, and the Sword of the Spirit; having his loynes girt about with verity, and his feete shod with the preparation of the Gospell of Peace, what hope now hath his enemy of any advantage, though helped by the weakenesse of his owne flesh? Death was ever expected, and therefore provided for: he alwayes lived as in the presence of GOD, having a strict eye over all his actions, and though now Satan bend all his Forces against him, because he hath but a small time, before his siege must be raysed, and therefore praesents that

that before him which he dearest loued, his Wife, Children, Father, and Friends, with his whole Estate, Honour, Riches, Youth, Health, Strength, and Life it selfe, thereby thinking to shake his hold; for this subtill enemy knoweth, they are not lost without griefe, which are possessed with Love; yet fayles he of his purpose, for it is certaine, he that in this life knoweth of fewest delights, least of all other, feareth Death, so he having never prized them otherwayes then they were in themselves, parteth from them with the lesse trouble, yet weake

nature

nature strugling with him, may a little dazle him, but calling to minde the Words of his Saviour, who sayth: He that forsaketh Father, or Mother, Wife, Children, house and lands, for my sake, shall receive an hundred fold, her gaines strength, and with the greater joy his Soule answers: Oh sweet Jesvs! shall I not willingly forgoe all these, who for my sake, suffered the Vials of thy Fathers wrath due to me for sinne, to be powred out upon thee, and in thy body indured that, which I deserved? It was for my sake, thou wast borne in a Stable, and layd in *Mark.* 10.

in a Cratch; for me, thou flying into Egypt, livedst seaven yeares in banishments; for me, thou didst fast, thou didst watch, thou didst run hither & thither, thou didst sweare Water and Bloud, thou didst Weepe, and thou didst prove by experience, those miseries which my sinnes deserved; and yet thou wast without sinne, neyther was there guile found in thy mouth, neyther hadst thou offended, but wast offended; for me, thou wast taken, forsaken of thine, denyed, sold, beaten with fists, spet upon, mocked, whipped, crowned with Thornes, reviled

with

with blasphemies, hanged upon the Crosse, Dead, and Buried, thou wert not onely forsaken of all externall things, but also of the Divine comfort, as thy owne Mouth testified, when thou cryedst out, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* Oh the height of Love! Oh the depth of unmeasurable humility! Oh the greatnesse of Mercy! Oh the bottomlesse Pit of incomprehensible Goodnes! Oh Lord! if I be so greatly indebted to thee, because thou hast redeemed me; what doe I not owe thee, for the manner by which thou hast redeemed me: thou

Math. 27.

thou haſt redeemed me with moſt great dolours, with contumelies, and ignominies, not to be borne; inſomuch, that thou waſt made a reproach of men, and the ſcorne of the whole world; through thy reproaches, thou haſt honoured me; through thy accuſations, thou haſt defended me; through thy bloud, thou haſt waſhed me; through thy death, thou haſt rayſed me; and through thy teares, thou haſt freed me, from everlaſting weeping and gnaſhing of teeth: thine were the Wounds, that healed my ſores: thine was the backe, that bare

my

my sorrowes; thine was the prize, that quit my scores: thou assumedst my flesh, to redeeme me here, and thou raignest as King, to crowne me hereafter. Thus by those miserable Torments, thou didst free me from all evill; and shall I be unwilling to suffer the deprivation of a little happinesse, and the induring of a few paines to come unto thee, who hast thus dearely purchased me for thy selfe? these Meditations so ravished his soule, that with saint PAVL he thinkes himselfe in the third Heaven, hee hath drunke so freely of the River of Paradice, one drop of

of which is greater then the Ocean, which alone is able to quench the thirst of the whole World, that he loatheth these puddell Waters, accounting all things but drosse and dung in respect of *Christ*, all is to him in comparison, no more then the light of a Candle, is to the glorious beames of the Sunne, he is now so farre from esteeming eyther them, or life, that he desires to be dissolved and be with *Christ*, he longs for the day of his dissolution, life being to him a Prison, and with often groanes and sighes, cryeth, *Come Lord Iesu, come quickly*; and with

DA-

DAVID hee sayth: O how I long to appeare before GOD. If life were offered him, with all the pleasures thereof, hee would despise it, for hee is fitted for God, he is no man for the World, his Soule hath too exactly looked into the worth of it, to be deceived with all the glittering shewes thereof, the which hee findes to bee vayne and fleeting, and nothing permanent in this Life.

Of the deferring of Repentance, how dangerous it is, and of the deceivableness of worldly Pleasures.

HAving now seen the quiet blessednesse of the Godly, at the houre of his Death, once thinke it should incourage every man to prepare himselfe for his end in the time of Prosperity, least when the time of changing shall come they be found naked and bare, and so lye open

open to all the assaults and batteries of Sathan, many there, vnto whom the day of Iudgement seemes terrible, not remembring the day of their Death, which is the first Iudgement, the which whosoeuer passeth, on such the second shall haue no power; as Saint Iohn saith in the Reuelation. The deferring of Repentance proues dangerous. Yet some religious man will say, When I am come to old Age, I will runne to the remedy of Repentance. Dare mans frailtie presume thus much of himselfe, seeing hee hath not one day of all his Life, in his

owne power, for though God hath promised Pardon to the Penitent; yet he hath not promised to morrow to a sinner; therefore, whilst it is called to day, heare his voyce and hearden not your hearts, least you enter into temptation. Follow the counsell of that Kingly Preacher, make no tarrying to turne unto the Lord; and put not off from day to day, for sodainly shall his wrath come, and in the time of vengeance he shall destroy thee: besides, there is another evill; sinne having no restraint, but free liberty to runne on in his owne current; how dange-

Hebr. 5.

Eccles. 5.

dangerous doth it proove, and how hard is it to stop the course thereof, being once growne to a custome: Is it not usually knowne, that hee that driveth a Nayle into a Post, fasteneth it at the first stroke that he giveth it, but more firmely at the second stroke, but so fast at the third, that it can hardly bee pulled out againe; and the oftner he striketh it, the faster it sticketh, and is pulled out againe, with the greater difficulty: So in every one of mans wicked actions, vice is driuen deepely into their soules, as if it were with a Mallet, and there it sticketh so

fast, that it can by no meanes be pulled foorth, but by the bitter teares of Repentance, which are seldome and very hardly found; this same thing our Saviour shewed in the raysing of LAZARVS, being foure dayes dead; whom he called foorth, with groaning of spirit: whereas he raysed others that were dead, with farre easier tokens of difficulty; signifying to us thereby, how great a myracle it is, that God should convert one buried in the custome of sinning; yet, not considering these things, how doth time passe on, and what numberlesse sinnes

Ioh. 11.

are

are committed without feare to offend, or care to provoke him to anger; through whose Gates thou must enter, before whose feet thou must lye prostrate, will thou nill thou; whose mercy thou must sue and deplore; Thou art piunged in the Gulfe of sinne, he onely must rayse thee? thou art wounded, he onely can heale thee? thou art sicke to the death, hee onely can give thee life? Oh then, feare to offend him; of whose helpe thou standest in need every moment, tremble to provoke him to anger, who hath for unrepentant sinners prepared a deepe and

Isa. 30.

large pit, the Piller thereof is fire and much wood, the breath of the Lord, like a streame of brimstone doth kindle it; beware of going on in delights, without remembring your end, lest you be like the Fishes, that sports themselves so long in the delightsome streames of the River Jordan, that unawares they plunge themselves in *Mare mortuum*, from whence there is no Redemption; many are the baytes and snares, which are layd for man in this life, covered over with glittering wealth, and delightsome Pleasures, but bare these deceits, and cause them to

appeare

appeare in their own likeneſſe, and thou ſhalt finde this World to bee a Caſket of ſorrowes and grievances, a Schoole of Vanity, a labirinth of Errors, a dungeon of Darkneſſe, a Market-place of Confuſions, a way beſet with Theeves, a ditch full of mud, and a Sea continually toſt and troubled with ſtormes and Tempeſts: what other thing is the world, but a barren Land, a field full of Thiſtles and Weeds, a Wood full of Thornes, a flouriſhing Garden, but bringing forth no fruit, a River of Teares, a Fountaine of Cares, a ſweet poyſon: A Tragedy

pleasantly framed, a delightfull Phrenzie; the Worlds rest hath labour, the Security of it without ground, the feare of it is without cause, the Labour of it without fruit, the Teares without purpose, and the purposes without successe, the Hope of it is vayne, the joy feyned, and the Sorrow true, the Glory of this World, is but the singing of Syrens, sweet, but a deadly Potion, a Viper, artificially painted without, but within full of venemous poyson: If the World fawne upon thee, it doth it that it may deceive thee, if it Exalt thee, it doth it that thy fall may

may bee the greater; if it
make thee merry, it doth
it that it afterwards with
sorrow may breake thy
heart; it giveth all her
goods with a mixture of
incomparable heavinesse
and griefes, and that with
the greatest usurie: if a
Sonne bee borne to thee
and soone after dye, thy
sorrow will be seaven fold
greater then was thy Ioy,
the thing lost, more afflic-
teth, then found joyeth;
Sicknesse more extrucia-
teth, then Health glad-
deth; Injury more tormen-
teth, then Honour conten-
teth; to conclude, what
good things are found in
the World, which are not
coun-

counterfeit, and wh
vill which are not ſc
deed: If theſe things be ſo
indeed as they are, where-
fore ſhould man deſire to
ſtay any longer in this land
of *Aegypt* to gather ſtub-
ble, who would not flye
out of this *Babilon*, who
would not deſire to be de-
livered from this fire of
Sodome and *Gomorrah*: ſee-
ing therefore, that the
World is beſet with ſo
many ſnares, and that ſo
many downfals and break-
neckes are in the way, and
the flame of Vices doe ſo
burne us, who at any time
can bee ſecure and ſafe, as
the Wiſe man ſayth: Can
a man take fire in his be-
ſome.

Prov. 6.

some, and his cloathes not be burnt, or can a man goe upon Coales, and his feet not burne? he that toucheth pitch, shall be defiled with the same; estrange then thy minde from these vaine Vanities, listen and thou shalt heare CHRIST, who seeth the danger thou art falling into, calling unto thee, that hee may teach thee a way to prevent thy hurt, and saying; Behold, I stand at the doore and knocke, runne and open to this Physitian of thy soule. O refuse him not, neyther delay his entrance, for thou art sicke, and he will give thee to drinke of the water of Life, neyther for Eccles. 13.

for money, nor by merits, but freely, and taking thy fill, without limitation, and freely too, being of his owne Grace, and Mercy.

Can you then, knowing now where you are to open, stand with delayes, as I cannot yet, I will anon, but this I cannot yet, I will anon; is deferred so long, that this heavenly ghest goeth away without a Lodging, by reason of which, he will hardly bee brought againe, without many teares? Oh then be ready at the first knocke to open; I meane the first good motion, so shall you receive a ghest, whose compa-

company is sweeter, then the honey and the honey Combs. Oh heart more hard then stone, that can refuse him if considered who it is; it is CHRIST, the well-beloved Sonne of his Father; it is he, in whom God the Father is so well pleased, that all thy sinnes are forgiven, being covered with the robe of his Righteousnesse; it is he, that suffered Rebukes, Buffetings, Scornings, Spittings on, and at the last, death; and that, the most cursedst death, even the death of the Crosse, as it is written: Cursed are every one that hang on a Tree. Gala. 3.

These things being so, have

have you not hearts harder then an Adamant, thus to oppose his entrance: Oh doe not deferre this purchase to the time to come, for one minute of this time (which now vainely flyeth from thee) is more precious, then the Treasure of the whole world.

Math. 13. Be like unto a wise Marchant, that having found a precious Pearle, goes and sels all he hath to purchase it; what thing more precious then the Sonne of God, which heere offereth himselfe unto thee? why are thou so slacke in giving him entertainement, thinkest thou him not worthy, because thou beholdest him

him in his Humility, poore and despised, or doth thy flesh puffe thee up with a conceit beyond thy merites, if it doe, cast thy eyes upon thy selfe, and consider what thou wast before thou wast borne; what thou art now, being borne, and what thou shalt bee after Death: before thou wast borne, thou wast filthy and obscene matter, not worthy to be named; now thou art dung, covered over with snow, and a while after thou shalt be meat for Wormes: why then, shouldest thou bee proud, seeing thy Nativity is sinne, thy Life misery, and thy End putrifac-

tion and corruption.

Having considered thus with thy selfe, tell mee if thou hast not the greater reason to open with the more celerity, hee of himselfe, being willing to passe by these thy Infirmities, wouldest thou not account that man most heathenish, who having a Friend, that had indured seaven yeares imprisonment to keepe him from that bondage, & at the last payed his Ransome, at so deare a rate, as thereby his estate were for ever ruined, otherwise hee himselfe to indure perpetuall Slavery: if this man, I say, should come and knocke

Semel.

at

at the doore of his Friend desiring admittance, and acquainting him, with who it was, and hee for this his love, should seeme not to know him, but bid him be gone and barre the doore against him; I know thou wouldest account him most inhumane and ungratefull, and yet how farre short comes this of CHRIST's love and bounty to thee, for the chastisement of thy Peace, was layd upon him, and with his stripes thou wast healed. Isa. 53.

O wretched Soule! to loose such a Friend, Oh unhappie man! by this opposition, to deprive thy selfe

ſelfe of all Happines: for what greater Happineſſe canſt thou have, then to injoy that Fatherly providence by which God preſerveth his, what ſweeter Delights, then the Divine Grace, the Light of wiſedome, the conſolations of the holy Ghoſt, the Ioy and Peace of a good Conſcience, the good event of Hope, the true liberty of the Soule, the inward peace of the Heart, to bee heard in Prayer, to be helped in Tribulations, to be provided for temporall neceſſities, and to bee ayded and to taſte of Heavenly Comforts in death: whilſt I ſeriouſly meditate

ditate upon these things, my Soule is as in a Rapture, me thinkes I see CHRIST IESVS comming in the Clouds, with thousand of Angels about him, the Heavens and Earth flying away at his presence, millions of damned Soules, yelling and crying to the Rocks and Mountaines, to fall upon them, and to cover them, from the fiercenesse of his sight; The Divels quaking and trembling expecting the denouncing of their Torments; and the Ioyes the Godly have at that houre: For as it is a day of horror and terror to the Wicked, so is it a day of joy and gladnesse to the godly;

godly; for as the body of the one rests in the earth, without taste of those miseries it hath deserved; even so the Righteous, by this sleepe of Death, is deprived of this liveliehead in their body, untill corruption hath put on incorruption, and mortality hath put on immortality; and that they are wakened by the sound of the Trumpet, which summoneth them to appeare before CHRIST; when then their soules become againe reunited to their bodyes, and both with Joy, behold the face of God; not as their Judge, for he is their Brother; and therefore

can

[illegible] expect from him, no-
thing but mercy; he hath
purchased them for him-
selfe, with no meaner a
price, then his owne
precious blood; and there
fore, must needs bee to him
acceptable; this is theyr
yeare of *Iubilee*, this is the
Marriage of the Lambe,
with him they enter, and Revel. 21.
he is theyr God, and they
are his Sonnes; they now
behold his face, and his
Name is in theyr fore-
heads; They now, receive
the fulnesse of theyr Ioy, Revel. 22.
they now, possesse that hap-
pinesse theyr Soules thir-
sted for; they now, injoy
the reward of all theyr la-
bours; this blessednesse
truly

truly considered on, affoordeth more pleasure then the tongue of Man can utter, or his Soule remaining in the Prison of his flesh, is able to receive without dying: but with the Spouse in the Canticles I am sicke of Love. It is no marvell, that the Church cryeth; Come Lord Jesus, come quickly: for in this his comming, consisteth all happinesse. Here is the finall end of all miseries and sinnes; it onely prooveth the waters of Mara to the ungodly; it is terrible to none, but the unrepentant, even those who bind their eyes fast from beholding any other

Cant. 2.

happi-

happines, then what tended to their pleasures; They which tooke to them the Timbrell and the Harp, and rejoyced in the sound of the Organs, they spend theyr dayes in wealth, and were of them that sayd: Speake no more to us in the name of the Lord; they sayd to God, depart from us, for wee desire not the knowledge of thy wayes. What is the Almighty, that we should serve him? and what profit shall wee have, if we pray unto him? Now alas! but too late, they see theyr owne follyes; now without hope of redresse, they behold theyr owne miseries; no marvell,

though the mentioning of the day of Iudgement, be terrible to such a man, who by his wickednesse, deprives himselfe of all those Blessednesses; for ill will it prove, if the day of Death, be not always in his remembrance; which is the first judgement, and wherein he must stand either convicted, or acquitted; either condemned for his bad workes, or justified for his good, whereof he can have little hope, unlesse hee meet his Iudge in the way, and make his peace with him, whilst he may be found; yet, there is time to furnish thy lamp with Oyle, yet the Gates

of

Mercy will not shut, yet thou mayest so cry, as thou mayest bee satisfied with that gracious answer; Come yee blessed of my Father: Whereas, if thou deferre thy Repentance from time to time, putting farre from thee the evill day, if thou doe not expect the coming of thy Lord, but become drunken, and fall to smiting thy fellow Servants, if thou hide thy Talent in the Earth, which God in his goodnesse hath bestowed on thee to better uses: Thy Lord will come when he is not looked for, and in a time when thou art not aware of, and cast thee into utter Darkenesse,

Matth. 25.

where shall bee wayling and gnashing of Teeth, giving thee a just hyre for thy careleſſe ſecurity: It is not thy pleaſures, that can deſerve thy calamities; nor not the inlarging thy Barnes, that can reſiſt thy miſery; the greatneſſe of Friends will not availe; thy Iudge is blinde to Bribery, and deafe to all but Iuſtice; if his wrath be not appeaſed before he come to give ſentence, it will then be too late to expect mercy.

V.

Comforts for the weake Christian: and to beware of Backesliding.

OVR most subtle and malicious Enemy retayning still the hatred hee bare our first Parents at the beginning, seeketh to bring us into everlasting Perdition, and so to gaine us to himselfe by one meanes or other: to a man nouzeled in sinne, hee useth no other wayes, then the lulling him still the faster

asleepe in worldly pleasures; the Miser he perswadeth still to covet Riches, thereby making his Gold his God; by which meanes hee filleth up the measure of Wrath against the day of Iudgement: the Adulterer hee draweth on more easily, by the delightfulnesse of the sinne, telling him that stolne bread is sweet, and hid water pleasant: the Proud man, hee hath bad-wincked, not to thinke of time, but to account all lost, but what is spent in decking and setting himselfe foorth in the Divels Feathers: Thus all sinners he letteth, that so he may cause man to defer his

Prov. 9.

his repentance till the laſt, then the which, there is nothing more dangerous: but when he meets a child in religion, who is glad to ſuck milke from the ſweet paps of Gods word, him he is to ſeeke & ſhaketh, with telling him of his owne unworthines, and the ſeverity of Gods Iuſtice; that the poore Soule is ready to leave his hold and to fall into deſperation, not daring ſcarce to looke up to Gods Mercy; but if his weaknes become ſtrength and he be rayſed by Faith, then hee ſtrives to cauſe him to become weary and backeward in well doing.

Therefore, thou O man!

that wouldest doe the good thou doest not, but through the deceiveable-neste of thy flesh standeth loytering; and with SALOMONS sluggard cryeth; Yet a little sleepe, a little slumber; a wake and behold CHRIST comming in the Clouds. Stand up and gird thy selfe like a man, lift up thy eye of Faith and behold thy Saviour, whose merits plead for thee? See him dying for thee, and thereby paying thy debts? See thy Iudge a just one, and therefore will not require that againe, which Christ hath already satisfied, hee hath beheld the thoughts of thine heart, and found thy desires,

desires, are to serve him concerning the inward Man; and though thou didst fall into sinnes most offensive to the eyes of his Divine Maiesty, yet hee knowes, that the evill thou didst hate, that thou didst: But it was a Law in thy Members that ledde thee captive to the Law of sin: then if as a Captive forc't, it was no longer thou, but sinne that dwelled in thee. *Rom. 7.*

Let the remembrances of these Mercies, waken thy Soule from the drowsinesse of Sinne, and remember who hath sayd: Awake, thou that sleepest and arise from the Dead, and CHRIST shall give *Ephes. 5.*

thee light? Hee calleth thee? Hee biddeth thee awake, let not these sweet calles, strike thee dead, as his presence did the Keepers, who became astonished, and were as dead men; but rather let that voyce bee of as great power in thee, as it was to LAZARVS; not onely to rayse thee from the sleepe, but also from the death of Sin. And bee as ready to entertaine this love as THOMAS was, who no sooner touched his Saviour, but cryed out: My Lord, and my God: Neyther deceive thy selfe, with a soothing conceit of what is not in thee; For, the Tree is

Math. 20.

Iohn. 11.

Iohn. 20.

Math. 7.

known

know me by the fruit; for men cannot gather Grapes of Thornes, nor Figs of Thiftles: A good man, out of the good Treasure of his Heart, bringeth forth good things, and an evill man, out of the evill Treasure of his heart, bringeth forth evill things; so that howsoever thou mayst seeme to the World, yet as a shadow doth alwayes follow the body, so feare and desperation will at all times, and in all places, wayte upon an evill Conscience. Matth. 7.

Let not thy Faith be as a House built upon the Sands, which will shake with every blast of Temptations,

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Matth. 28.

Iohn. 11.

Iohn. 20.

Luke. 7.

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tations, or Afflictions, but found it upon the Rocke CHRIST IESVS; againſt which, whatſoever beateth ſhall returne with a greater repulſe to it ſelfe, as not being able to move it; and having once attayned this perfection, take heed of recoyling, for CHRIST ſayth; He that layeth hand upon the Plough and looketh backe, is not meet for the Kingdome of Heaven. *Luke. 9.*

What though the way to Heaven be narrow, and full of Difficulties? Wilt thou not therefore, beeing entred, perſeuere? Who would wiſh or deſire to walke in a way ſtrowed

ſtrowed with Roſes, and planted with divers fragrant Flowers, if the aſſured end of it be death; and who would refuſe a rough and difficult path, that leadeth unto life; is it not commonly ſeene, that many men to attaine to Preferment, run into moſt apparent dangers, and hazard the loſſe of theyr life; (nay I know thou wouldeſt doe it thy ſelfe) and ſhall it bee troubleſome and grievous to thee, to doe that for thy Soule, which thou refuſeth not to doe for thy Body? Shall it ſeeme a great thing unto thee, to ſuffer a little trouble heere, that hereafter

after thou mayst escape eternall torment? What would not the rich covetous man buryed in Hell, willingly doe, if he might have licence to come into the World againe, that he might amend his errors? Is it meet that thou shouldest doe lesse now, then he would doe; seeing, that if thou dost persever in thy wickednesse, the same torments remaine for thee.

He that runneth a Race leaveth not till hee come to the Gole; So run as you may obtaine: Remember Lots Wife, who looking backe became a Piller of Salt; so take heed, least thou by looking backe upon the vani-

vanities of this life, forget the care of thy Soule, commanded thee by God; & so of his child, become not a Piller of Salt, but a child of Perdition; a man having much riches, is still covetous of more, and what wealth to be compared to the Soule? A thing so great in it selfe; that what gayneth hee, that getteth the whole world, and looseth his Soule; even as great a purchase, as hee, who having with much Labour and great charge, obtayned a precious Iewell, straight giueth it for a trifle.

Nay, were it so, it were the lesse, for that were but the

the undoing of the body, this the losse of the Soule; that friends againe may rayse, this is a losse irrecoverable: Wherefore, thinke no paynes wearisome, no labours irksome, nor any troubles grievous, to attaine true happinesse; 2. *Cor.* 4. For our light afflictions, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a farre more exceeding & eternall weight of Glory, while we looke not at the things which are seene, but at the things which are not seene; for the things which are seene, are Temporall, but the things which are not seene, are Eternall: wherefore setting

ting all hinderances apart, with cheerefulneſſe of ſpirit, take/up the Croſſe of CHRIST, and incourage thy feeble ſpirit, with the ſaying of the Apoſtle PAVL: The troubles of this Life, are not comparable to the joyes that ſhall bee hereafter: having therefore theſe promiſes, cleanſe your ſelues from all filthineſſe of the fleſh and ſpirit, perfecting Holineſſe in the feare of GOD. 2. Cor. 6.

VI.

VI.

That Man ought to bee wonne to follow Godlineſſe, in reſpect of the Eternall Happineſſe.

Deut. 30. HAving now ſet before thee, Life and good, Death and evill: I deſire thee, to chooſe Life, that both thou and thy ſeed mayeſt live, for having beheld, the deceiveablenes of worldly pleaſures, and how this momentany felicity is attended on, by ſorrow and her Confederates, me thinks thou ſhouldeſt be

be weary of this house of Clay, scituated in a Wildernes of miseries, which hourely produceth Monsters, that ravenously seeketh to prey on thy destruction: and withdrawing thy mind from these fleeting delights, elevate thy thoughts to Heaven, and contemplate with thy selfe, of those Cœlestiall pleasures; note the beauty of the place, the gloriousnesse of the company, and the durablenesse of that Happinesse, which is Eternity; for the beautie of this place, this Heavenly *Jerusalem*, looke into the *Revelation*, and thou shalt finde; It hath the glory

Revel. 21.

glory of GOD, the light thereof to be like a Iasper stone, cleere as Chrystall; glorious must it needs bee, when the Wall is of Iasper, and the City of pure gold, cleare like glasse, and the Foundations of the Wall garnished with all manner of precious stones; the twelve Gates were twelve Pearles; every severall gate, was of one pearle; for the company, there are Angels, and Martyrs, with the foure and twenty Elders, that offer up golden Vials full of odeurs, which are the Prayers of Saints; but, which is chiefe of all delights, there will be GOD himselfe,

Revel. 15

himſelfe who will bee a Looking-Glaſſe to the eyes of his Elect, Muſicke to theyr eares, Nectar and Ambroſia to their Palates, odoriferous Balſamum to theyr Smelling; There thou ſhalt ſee, the variety and beauty of the ſeaſons, the pleaſantneſſe of the Spring, the brightneſſe of Summer, the fruitfulneſſe of Autumne, and the quiet of Winter, and there ſhall bee whatſoever may delight thy ſences, and every faculty of thy Soule; there willbe, the fulneſſe of light to thy underſtanding, the aboundance of Peace to thy will, and the continuance of Eternity to thy

thy memory; there, the Wiſedome of SALOMON, ſhall ſeeme ignorance; there, the beauty of ABSASOM ſhall ſeeme deformity; there, the ſtrength of SAMPSON, ſhall ſeeme weakeneſſe; there, the long life of METHVSALEM, ſhall ſeeme a ſpan; there, the Riches of CRŒSVS, ſhall ſeeme droſſe: for there, thou mayſt worthily call the treaſures of all Emperors and Kings, ſtarke poverty and beggery.

Theſe things beeing thus? Why ſhouldeſt thou O man! delight to begge, and live of Almes, when thou ſhalt finde ſuch aboundance

boundance in Heaven, looke upon thy ſelfe and conſider, how the Lord hath beſtowed upon thee a countenance of Majeſty, with thy face erected towards Heaven, and thy eye-lids to move upwards, thereby to teach thee, that thou wert not formed, to ſpend thy dayes in the moiling cares of this troubleſome world, but to aſpire to that true Happines, that maketh all the other Miſery.

Marke the Sea-mans Needle, whoſe nature of that Iron is, that in what part it hath touched the Loadſtone, that part alwayes looketh towards the

the North, and remaineth unſetled, till it hath found the Pole: even ſo hath God created Man, and hath infuſed into him a naturall inclination and readineſſe, that hee ſhould alwayes looke to his Maker, as to the Pole and onely true happines.

When the Children of *Iſrael* in the Wilderneſſe, were ſtung by fiery Serpents, none could live, but thoſe, that looked up to that brazen Serpent, which MOSES erected; ſo no man beeing ſtung by thoſe fiery Serpents of ſin, can live; but thoſe, that by the eye of Faith looke up to CHRIST IESVS, behol-

beholding him, dying upon the Crosse, and applying his death and merits, to their otherwise deadly-wounded Soule, whereby that Vlcer is cured and they assured of life.

After ADAM had sinned in eating the forbidden fruit, GOD sent him to Till the Earth, out of which he was taken; but the soule of man was infused into him by the breath of God; let therefore the cogitations of thy heart and Soule bee turned towards him, from whence it had the beeing, seeing, as sayth Saint AVGVSTINE: There is nothing more blessed, than

Gen. 3.

Gen. 2.

the North, and remaineth unsetled, till it hath found the Pole: even so hath God created Man, and hath infused into him a naturall inclination and readinesse, that hee should alwayes looke to his Maker, as to the Pole and onely true happines.

When the Children of *Israel* in the Wilderneſſe, were stung by fiery Serpents; none could live, but those, that looked up to that brazen Serpent, which Moses erected; so no man beeing stung by those fiery Serpents of sin, can live; but those, that by the eye of Faith looke up to CHRIST IESVS, behol-

beholding him, flying upon the Crosse, and applying his death and merits, to their otherwise deadly-wounded Soule, whereby that Vlcer is cured and they assured of life.

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Gen. 3.

Gen. 2.

this life, where there is no fear of Poverty, no infirmity, no sickneſſe, no deceipts of the Divell, neyther Death of body or Soule: but a pleasant life through the guift of Immortality, then there shall be no misbiefes, no discords, but all agreement; because there shall be one concord of all the Saints, peace and joy imbrace all things.

What is it, that thou canst desire heere upon Earth, that thou shalt not there freely possesse? If thou desirest pleasures, lift up thy heart and see how delightfull that Good is, that contayneth in it the

delight

delight and pleasure of all good things? If this life created doth please thee, how much more shall that life please thee, which hath created all things? If health given make thee merry, how much more shall he make thee merry, that giveth all health? If the knowledge of the Creatures bee sweet, how much more sweeter shall the Creator himselfe be? If beauty bee acceptable unto thee, it is he, at whose beauty, the Sunne and Moone admire, the glory of which, was so great, that when MOSES went up to the Mount, though he saw but the hinder part

thereof, his Face became so bright and shining, that the Israelites could not behold him; what should I stand longer to set forth the beauty of that, which if I had the tongue of Men and Angels, I could not doe; for as the Apostle
1. Cor. 2. sayth; Eye hath not seene, Eare hath not heard, neyther hath it entred into the heart of Man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Wilt thou then choose with the Prodigall Sonne, to eate Huskes with the Swine, rather than to returne home to thy Heavenly Father, will not all

these

these delights move thee, nor cause thee to desire it; it may bee thou art timerous, knowing thy owne unworthinesse; but bee incouraged by the words of thy Saviour, who seeing thy faint heartednesse, sayth: Feare not little flocke, for it is your fathers pleasure to give you a Kingdome. Thou art one of the flocke, and this Kingdome is prepared for thee; why dost thou not long to take possession of thy owne, purchased for thee by CHRIST, who though hee be thy Elder brother; yet thou shalt bee co-heyre with him, whose love, thou mayst Luke. 12.

see expressed, by his infinite care; for in his Prayer to his Father for his Disciples, he remembred thee, when he sayd, I pray not for these alone, but for those that shall beleeve on me, that they may all be one as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, and the glory which thou hast given mee, I have given them, that they may bee one even as wee are one, I will also, that those thou hast given mee, bee with me.

*Iohn.*17.

Canst thou now have any doubts or waverings in thy Mind? Repayre unto him, and in true humility of Soule confesse thy

thy selfe unto him, and say; Father, I have sinned against Heaven and against thee, and I am no more worthy to bee called thy sonne: This done, doubt not but hee will imbrace thee in the Armes of his Mercy, the Ring and Robe shall be brought, and the fatted Calfe shall be kild: for there is more joy in Heaven, over one sinner that repenteth, than of ninety and nine just persons: It is a place prepared for thee, before the Foundations of the World were layd. O happy Soule! that art made possessor of this blessednesse! How art thou able to behold any

thing in this life, with true contentment, having seriously beheld this; though thou didst dayly suffer torments, if for a long time thou didst indure Hell it selfe, so that at the length thou mightest see Christ in his glory, and injoy this blessednesse, and have society with the Saints; were it not worthy all sufferings? All Bitternes? and all Crosses, that thou mightest be partaker of all this good. At last, what though the world account not of thee, but deride thee for thy vertuous living? Remember Jeremy the Prophet of the Lord, who

was

was mocked and called *Bald-head*, in contempt; Resolve with thy selfe, no sooner to enter into the path of Godlinesse, but such is the malitiousnesse of thy Mortall Enemie, that hee will set his members in the way against thee, that if it bee possible, they may hinder thy proceedings, and turne thee backe againe into the broad way of Errors, that leadeth to destruction.

No sooner did SAVL Prophesie, but the wicked and the men of BELIAL, had him in derision, who better affected, then PAVL the Apostle, whilst he remayned a Persecutor of

CHRIST in his members, and carried with him the authority of the High Priests, to strengthen his proceedings; but no sooner was he converted, but how many enimies had he, which streight sought his destruction, hayling him to Prisons, to Scourging, and to Stonings to death. Yet so farre were they from being disheartned by this, as that they reioyced that they were counted worthy to suffer for the name of CHRIST.

When we enter into Baptisme, we professe to become CHRIST'S souldiers, and to fight vnder his banner; and is it the part of a

Souldier

Souldier, to flye at the first onset, he that indureth to the end, gaineth not onely the honour, but the reward; nay, the fiercer the assault is, the more we ought to oppose our selues against it, and though through the roughnes of the encounter, we may thinke we haue the worst, yet if with patience wee striue to persuer, our Captaine CHRIST IESVS will be at hand to helpe vs, for carefull is he of his owne, as his owne mouth testifieth; when he saith, to his Father, All thou hast giuen me, I haue kept, and none of them is lost. Let all these proofes arme thy

minde, to be resolute in going on in goodnes, till thou attaine the end where thou shalt gaine the reward of thy labours, and take with thee the Counsell of the Philosopher EPICTETVS, who sayth, It is better, to suffer shame for vertuous dealing, then to win honour by vicious living.

When SALOMON had builded the Temple and sanctified it, none might enter into *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the holiest of all, but the Priest onely. So none can enter into this Kingdome, which is the true *Sanctum Sanctorum*; but those who haue by a Religious course of life, put

put off the vanities of this world, and clothed themselves with the Robe of Gods Righteousnesse, whereby they are Consecrated & made fit to enter. When the Children of Israel were in the Wildernes, they were commanded euery day to gather Manna, but on the Sabboth they that went to gather, found non: for that they were on the Euen to prouide for that day: so fayle not thou euery day of thy life, to gather this Manna, the food of thy soule, and to lay vp in store against this day of thy rest, least when thou hopest to find, thou become

frustrate

frustrate, and so thy soule starue with want thereof, feede not thy selfe with hopes of entertainment, vnlesse thou haue furnished thy selfe with the wedding garment, neither thinke to passe with one that is counterfeit, though neuer so neare the colour; for if he be not found the right one, thou shalt be taken and bound hand and foot, and cast into vtter darkenesse; therefore it is that the Apostle sayth, 2. Cor. 13. Examine your selues whether yee be in the Faith, prove your selues.

There are many, may most that vnderstanding the infinitenesse of the happi-

nes

nes of this place, that with BALAAM will desire to dye the death of the Righteous, but they will not liue the life of the Righteous: because they exempt themselves from many things, in the which the wicked place theyr whole felicity, they accounting this world theyr Heauen, shall therefore finde none other hereafter, as in the parable. *Abraham* sayd to the rich man in Hell; Son remember that thou in thy life-time, receiued thy good things; they were his, because in them consisted all his happines: therefore possessing of them here, he could not expect Numb. 33

a

a future: For as the Apoſtle ſaith, Be not deceiued, God is not mocked, for what a man ſoweth, that ſhall he reape; for he that ſoweth to the fleſh, ſhall of the fleſh reape corruption: but he that ſoweth to the ſpirit, ſhall of the ſpirit, reape life euerlaſting. For true bleſſednes, conſiſteth not in meat or drink, or in richneſse of apparell, but in Righteouſnes and Peace, and Ioy in the Holy Ghoſt.

A man who hath beene long kept from his father and mother, wife or children, by impriſonment, being once at liberty, and entred [illegible] iourney toward them

the, regardeth not neither the length of the way, the wearisomnes of his owne steps, nor the dangerousnes of the places he is to passe, but goeth on with chearefulnesse and longings, till he attaine the end, and as a spurre to whet on his speed, placeth before the eye of his remembrance the sweete content hee shall finde at meeting, can these earthly delights cause a man to vndergoe so many difficulties, and shall not the delights which God hath prepared for his and whereof I haue giuen thee a glimpse, cause thee with much more fervencie to long to attaine to this

this place of happineſse, and ſetting a part all hinderances whatſoever, fix thy eye of Faith vpon thoſe vnſpeakeable pleaſures which thy ſoule ſhall then gayne, & in ioy when thou ſhalt meete with God thy Father, Chriſt Ieſus thy Brother and Sauiour, who hath by the infiniteneſs of his loue eſpouſed thee vnto himſelfe; and made the poſſeſſor of Heauen, where thou ſhalt as ſayth Saint Avgvst. imbrace a certaine imbracing aboue all imbracings.

Thou ſhalt find a ſweetneſs aboue all ſweetneſse, thou ſhalt ſee a light aboue all lights, thou ſhalt ſmell a ſauor

a ſauour aboue all ſauours, moſt delectable, thou ſhalt heare a voyce aboue all voyces for rarenes, for that voyce doth ſound where no ayre doth moue it, this light doth ſhine, where no place doth receiue it, this ſauour doth ſmell where no blaſt doth carry it, and this imbrace is there touched, where it is not ſundred; to conclude if thou deſireſt to inioy all bleſſednesse, and to eſcape all kinde of puniſhments, tribulations, and miſeries, there thou ſhalt find liber-tie & freedome from them all. The God of our Lord IESVS CHRIST, the Father of Glory, give vn-

to

to vs, the spirit of wisdome & knowledge of him, that the eyes of our vnderstanding being inlightned, we may know, what is the hope of his calling, and what the Riches of the Glory of the inheritance of his Saints, *Amen.*

OF

Of our losse by ADAM, and our gayne by CHRIST; The first Adam was made a living Soule, the second Adam a quickning Spirit; For as in ADAM wee all dye, so in CHRIST, shall all be made alive. 1. Corinth. 15.

GOD, by his Wisedome, and all-seeing Pow'r
Ordained Man
unto Eternitie,
Sathan through malice,
turnes that sweet to sowre,
Man eating the forbidden Fruit
must Die:

No

No remedy was left
To escape this Curse,
And the more still looked on
became the worse.

He out of that delightsome
place is throwne,
To travell in the World
with woe distreste,
Through all his life
a Pilgrim he is knowne,
With Cares and Sorrowes,
and with griefes oppreste:
The more he lookes
into his wretched state,
The more he rues his fact
but all too late.

Where-

Whereas he was
created King of all
The Creatures
God on Earth created had,
His Glory bated is
by this his Fall,
No creature now on Earth
remaines so bad:
The senceless Beast
the fence of this hath found,
And having Man possest
with death doth wound.

The Earth disdaines
to yeeld to him her strength
But pricking Thornes
and Brambles forth doth send,
Till with his sweat
and labours she at length

Onely

Onely for sustenance
some food doth lend:
Thus he that was
a heauenly Creature form'd,
By disobedience
to a wretch is turn'd.

Of all the Trees
that in the Garden grew,
He onely was forbidden
that alone,
His Wife from that obedience
soone him drew,
And taste thereof
he did although but one:
O wretched man!
what hast thou lost hereby
Wicked woman
to cause thy husband dye.

'Tis

T'is not saying,
the Serpent thee deceiu'd,
That can excuse the fault
thou didst commit;
For of all Ioyes
thou hast thy selfe bereau'd,
And by thy Conscience
thou dost stand convict.
Thy husband not alone
the fault must rue,
A punishment for sinne
as thou is due.

For as thou now conceiues
thy seed in sinne,
So in great sorrow
thou must bring it forth,
The gaine which thou
by that same fruit didst winne,

Thou now doſt find
to bee but little worth:
Obedience to thy Husband
yeeld thou muſt,
And both muſt Dye
and turned be to Duſt.

The Truth ſometimes
is vſed by the Divell
When as he ſayd,
Your eyes ſhould opened bee,
And thus you ſhould
diſcerne the good from euill,
When you the Fruit had taſted
of that tree:
But hee told not
your actions ſhould be ſinne,
And Death ſhould be the good
which you ſhould winne.

For

For now your ſtrength
to weakneſſe turned is,
You know the Good
but have no powre to chuſe't,
Your eyes is ope, to ſee
your owne amiſſe,
And to behold the bliſſe
you have refus'd:
You ſee your nakedneſſe
made vilde by Sinne,
And now ſeekes for a place
to hide you in.

But O alas!
your deeds diſcover'd are,
Your naked lye
to theſe all-ſeeing eyes,
He viewes your actions
and doth ſee you bare,

Bare of all Goodnesse,
vilde deformities:
And in your selves
you have no power to mend,
For all your strength, is sinne
Sathan doth lend.

Now seizes on your sicknesse
Griefes and Feares,
Which night and day
with trouble will torment;
Your sweet Delights,
are turned all to teares,
And now what you haue done,
with woe repent!
Nothing but Griefes and Feares
and sad annoyes;
You now possesse,
in stead of endlesse Ioyes.

You

You were immortall,
but are mortall made;
You were created pure,
but now are vilde;
Your splendant Glories
turned all to shade,
Your Innocence
the Divill hath beguilde:
You were created
Children of the Lord,
But now are loathsome Dung,
to be abhorr'd.

Which way, can you
recover this your losse?
What friend have you,
that will this great debt pay?
Can you gaine, pure gold
from filthy dresse?

Or have you power
to call againe that Day;
No, you are in
a laberinth of woe,
And endlesse is the maze
in which you goe.

Yet courage Woman,
whose weake spirit's dead,
GOD in his love
a helpe for thee hath found,
Bee sure thy Seed
shall bruise the Serpents head,
CHRIST by his Death
shall Sathan deadly wound:
This Lyon of Iudea
resist who can,
In him is blest
the whole Off-spring of man.

This

This Promise in due time
fulfill'd hath GOD
Unto the comfort
of each mortall wight;
CHRIST *payes our Debt*
hee's beaten with that rod
That doth belong
vnto our Soules of right:
His Fathers wrath
was powred vpon him,
Which doth belong
as due to vs for Sinne.

Hee dy'd vpon the Crosse
and conquered Death.
That though wee dye
yet liue againe wee must,
He buried was
and risen is from Earth,

And raignes with God
in Heaven amongst the Iust:
With him, our Soules and Bodies
rais'd hath bee,
And from deaths thraldome
now, hath set vs free:

This causeth Sathan
for himselfe dmaine,
To see, if he can winne
what he hath lost:
He striues to make
our ouerthrow his gaine.
He starueth now,
that he, by CHRIST is crost:
And to his ayde,
he all his forces drawes,
That he may cause vs
to obey his Lawes.

Whole Armies of his Furies
forth he sends,
In shape transformed,
to delude our mindes;
And vnto them
his greatest force he lends,
To seize, where fittest
for his turne he findes:
He marks, to what men
are by nature given,
And vnto that,
he turnes his Compasse euen.

Sathan's deceipts
are covered, all with smiles.
That sinne seemes pleasing,
which our Soules destroyes,
With quaint allurements,
hee man still beguiles.

With sweet delights
he breeds Mans sad annoyes,
He imitates a Poyson
rarely framed,
But once being taken
all the life blood's stained.

Old and craftie
is our Enemy growne,
He knowes all Fish
at one baite will not bite,
Hee'l try a thousand wayes
to gaine his owne,
He will not leave
till he the marke hits right:
Some with Drunkennesse,
Murders, Lust beside,
Others with Idlenesse,
excesive Pride.

BACCHVS that drunken God
from Hell comes forth,
And reeling here and there
few scapes his knockes,
Who shunnes his blowes
esteem'd are of no worth,
One Drunkard at anothers
weakenesse mockes:
What ISAIAH saith,
thereon they never thinke;
Woe bee to them!
are strong to pu'r in drinke.

GOD, in his love
form'd all things for mans vse,
That for his Comfort
they might daily be,
But they proue poyson
through mans vilde abuse,
Sinne

Sinne changeth all
into deformity:
PAVL *for mans health,*
to drinke Wine doth advise.
But through excesse,
both Soule and Body dyes.

Man, by this Sinne
more vile is, than a Beast;
For but sufficient,
they will never take.
Mans senses fayles him
sinnes are still increast,
He tracing wider,
doth all good forsake:
In Drunkennesse,
Lot doth to Incest fall,
NOAH *in his Wine,*
his secrets shewes to all

Then

Then Lust and Murther
hands together take,
Like full fed Beasts,
they neigh at neighbours wife,
Stolne bread is sweet,
hid water they{e} thirst slake,
They fall to Murther,
through discord and strife.
For when mans reason fayles,
to guide his will;
He into mischiefe,
runneth headlong still.

Most people takes
Idlenesse, for no sinne:
Thus in Simplicitie,
Sathan deludes,
That precious time is lost,
that Grace might winne.

And

And want of action,
many sinnes includes:
That minde, which vnto
Idlenesse giues way,
Doth open lye
to bee the Deuils prey.

When DAVID vnto ease
himselfe had giuen,
His eyes extrauagantly
looke about,
VRIAH's wife he spyeth
in the Euen,
He must, and did enioy her
without doubt:
Sathan by this his fall
more strength doth gaine,
For DAVID bids
VRIAH should be slaine.

Thus

Thus by one meanes or other
Sathan ſnares
Mans ſoule in Sinne,
and hudwinck'd tills him on;
His cup of Gold
is filled vp with teares
A bitter pittance
to theyr ſweetes belong:
Pride, in it ſelfe
doth beare a poyſon'd breath,
No Sinne ſo ſmall
but puniſht is with Death.

That ſinn's thought leaſt
that's ſpent in trimming fine
That Carkaſſe vilde,
on which the Wormes muſt prey,
They thinke not how
theyr hungry Soule doth pine,
They

They cannot
of their reckoning at last day.
But time of Grace, once loſt,
is without call,
So headlong to deſtruction
they doe fall.

Pride, of all other
ſembleth moſt the Divell:
'Twas Pride, threw Sathan
downe from Heaven to Hell:
'Twas Pride, that Author was
of all mans evill:
'Twas Pride, made Eve
deſire ſtill to excell;
When Sathan ſaid,
as Gods, you then ſhall be;
Incontinent, ſhe taſted
of that Tree.

This

This Lep'rous sinne,
infected so the blood,
That through her off-spring
it hath wholly runne,
Before the child can know
the bad from good,
It straight is proud,
Nature, this bane hath done.
A sweet sinne,
it counted was to be,
But now Hermaphrodite,
proud as she.

Like IVDAS, Satan
with each mortall deales,
His haile, is Hate,
his flattering kisse is death,
He every where
still watching, creeping steales,
With

With armed troupes
to stifle his soules breath:
His Syrens songs,
many mortall Death intends,
And he must Dye
that thereto his eare lends.

As a Physition
with his Patient still
Applyes his potion
as he findes it fit;
Giving to some, more strong
because their ill
Disposed body,
oft requireth it.
Euen so, doth Sathan
with each Creature deale,
But his is meant for death
and not to heale.

Nature

Nature and Sathan,
are ſworne Brothers ſtill,
For neyther of them
moveth man to good;
By Nature, we incline
to all that's ill,
Which runneth through
our body with our blood:
And by our Nature
oft he vs aſſailes,
And through our weakneſſe
he oft times prevailes.

He, by our Nature ſees
to what we bend,
Whether to goodneſſe
or to miſchiefes ranne;
And if he find man ayme
at the beſt end,

Then

Then strives he for to marre
all he hath done,
And by a pride of Goodnes
makes him be,
Towards his God,
like the proud Pharisie.

The blessings, God to man
doth often giue,
As beautie, health, riches,
honours and fame,
That he, in thankefulnes
for them shouldst liue,
Still vsing them
to glorifie his Name:
Sathan transformeth
all this vnto sinne,
Through vilde abuse,
or confidence therein.

This

This thing the Scripture
evidently shewes,
By DAVIDS numbering
of Israell,
Whereby he thought he
more trust for to repose
In his great army,
this to passe befell:
And drawing on
Gods Iudgement for the same,
A heavy plague
he on his Realme did laine.

There is a sinne, on which
small count is made,
And that is Disobedience;
for which sinne,
SAMVEL the Prophet
vnto DAVID once said;

From

From being King
God had rejected him:
When as he AMALEK
all should have slaine,
Sathan mov'd him
to let the best remaine.

This sinne, so great
in Gods pure sight doth seeme,
As that the Prophet
plainly doth him tell:
The Lord, no better
of it doth esteeme;
Then, of wild Witchcrafts
which in Israel,
The Lord commanded
banish'd quite to be;
This, like to that
and to Idolatrie.

This onely sinne
on all Mankinde did draw,
Gods heavy wrath,
for this, we suffer still.
By ADAMS breaking
Gods commanded Law;
Sinne with a poysned dart
our soules did kill:
For through the breach thereof
there entred death,
For so 'twas sentenced
by Gods owne breath.

O this same sinne,
as an accusing one
On all occasions
still it guilty sayth:
Fulfill Gods Law, who did
nere yet, was knowne,

But

But CHRIST who came
for to appease Gods wrath:
Then by his Law
we all convicted stand,
And howerly may
looke for Gods wrath at hand.

Deferring off Repentance
is a buyte
So closely layd
by that old Enemy,
That few doth diue
the depth of his deceit,
But vnprouided
many men doe die:
He bids them on the good theefe
their eyes cast,
Who neuer did repent him
till the last.

O slye,

O flye, deceitfull
cruell enemy,
How deadly, is thy hatred
to vs all
Thou ENVY like
hides that will cause vs dye,
And fith thou fell'ſt
thou aym'ſt ſtill at our fall.
In Paradice the Tree
death did vs give,
But by the Tree
in Golgotha, we live.
From a decline in goodneſſe
let each Soule,
With heedfull care
ſtill ſtudy to beware;
Leaſt in the end
for it he doth condole,

When as his foote
is fettered in the snare:
Who once his hand
vpon the Plough doth lay,
Must by no meanes
looke backe another way.

Easie it is, to plunge
our selues in sinne,
But, O alas!
hard to get forth againe;
If by our faults
our Soules be black within,
We then shall finde
all his delusions vaine;
His voyce of peace
all peace doth from vs take,
Then shun that bearbe
where vnder lyes the Snake.

Man

Man ought at all times
have a carefull eye;
For many are the Snares
which Sathan layes:
When leaſt he thinketh on
to cauſe him dye,
He hides the bayte
the which mans ſoule betrayes:
Of eaſe and pleaſures
he will alwayes tell,
But his ſmooth path
the brode way is to Hell.

Who on this Panthers skinne
doth gazing ſtand,
Had need beware
who lyes in wayte to catch,
Who holdes a Woolfe by th'eares
but with one hand,

Muſt

Muſt with the other
muzzell up his chaps:
If better thou doſt get
leave not off ſo,
But of all meanes to hurt,
deprive thy Foe.

That man, the which
his Enemy foyl'd hath,
Muſt ſtraight vnarme him
leaſt he gather ſtrength;
BENHADADS *ſervants*
after AHABS *wrath,*
With feyned words
did come to him at length:
And from his kindneſſe
their advantage draw,
For he, that fear'd to dye
now made a Law.

By

By his Example
let vs warned bee;
Gods Prophet vnto AHAB
straight doth come,
And sayd, Because from death
thou didst him free,
Be sure thy life shall stand
in his lifes roome.
Leave thou not Sathan,
till thou seest him dead,
And IAEL like,
kill SISERA in the head.

He aymes not at thy slips,
but overthrow;
Small hurts content him not,
he life would spill:
With slight advantages,
he will not goe:

When thou securest art,
he waites to kill:
And IOAS *like*
of thy health he'll inquire,
But 'tis not life,
but death he doth desire.

Can this old Serpent,
this deceiuing Divell,
Get in his head,
then follow shall his tayle,
If man but yeeld a little,
vnto evill,
Sinne will increase,
though creeping like a Snaile.
And if vnto a Custome,
it doth come,
He feeles it not,
his soule is now growne num.

All

All Sathan baites,
are glittering to the eye,
He leades man on,
in a delightsome traine:
Till death arrests them,
saying thou must dye,
And then he lets them see
all was but vaine:
Then in the vglisst forme
hee shewes them all,
That into Desperation
man may fall.

Now having such a strong
and powerfull foe,
What need hath Man
with heedfull care to watch,
Least on a suddaine
he from hence doe goe,

For Death as well
doth lye in wayt to catch:
Who proves a welcome guest
to a good man,
For unprovided, come
he never can.

Deaths ghastly lookes
to a god man seemes sweet,
Who still prepared hath
for that his end,
As ESAY IACOB, *did*
embracing meet,
So doth he death
accounting him his friend:
If teares doe fall
they are not shed through feares
For ioy he's come
forceth from him those teares.

Can

Can he expect Death
Enemie to be,
Who by his Present
hath his farce alayd:
He sent before good workes,
much Charity,
Blessings of Orphants
which for him have pray'd:
His sighs and teares,
appeased hath his King,
And this supposed Foe
glad newes doth bring.

Death is our guide
vnto Eternall blisse,
Portall of Heaven,
by which we enter must,
The Ladder reaching
to true happinesse,

Which bringeth man
to live amongſt the Iuſt:
By him we come
Gods glorious face to ſee,
From which by life
depriu'd we ſtill ſhall bee.

Our fleſh a priſon is
vnto our ſoul,
Which doth deprive it
of that heavenly light;
With ſpirituall groanes & ſighs
it doth condole,
Till it attaine
vnto that miſſed ſight:
Death is the key
vnlocks our miſery;
Looſeth our bonds
and gives vs liberty.

Deaths

Death's fangs are par'd
his bitter potions ſweet,
His edge abaited
all his hurt is done,
A godly man
moſt kindly he doth meete,
And of a Foe
he is a Friend becomes:
His ſtrooke is like
the ſtriking of a veine,
By which ſmall ſmart
ſick men their health doe gaine:

Death is the ending
of our dayes, not life,
For having clos'd theſe eyes
we wake to live,
Death having finiſht
once this mortall ſtrife,

Our

Our Faith in CHRIST
new life to vs doth give:
Our Night is past
our Day-star doth appeare,
Our Cloud is vanish'd
and our Morne shines cleare.

Now ends all sorrowes,
now all griefes are done,
Sinne takes his leave
and weaknesse hath his end;
And now behold
our Iubilee is come,
The Harvest of our labors
we attend:
Death's potion onely
bitter in show,
The taste once past
no operation so.

Mans Glasse once run
his flower of Life once dead,
That vapor vanish'd
and that span once grass'd,
His breath once failing
all his body's Lead,
In senceless, coldnesse
all his parts are clasp'd:
He came from earth, (*gives.*
earth house-roome now him
His spirit from God
with God for ever lives.

The carnall-wicked
worldly minded men,
Who in this life
their whole content have plac'd
Doth tremble, when Death
mention'd is to them,

Because

Because by him
all ioyes from them are chased:
Their ease and pleasures
changed quite will be,
All mirth is dash'd
by present miserie.

The sight of him
vnto their mindes doe bring
Remembrance of their sinnes
they slightly past,
The which with woe
their soules doe sorely sting:
For that they see
the crowne call'd vn at last:
Which sure on earth
a hell may deemed be,
When without mercy
man his sinnes doth see.

Those

Those men which onely
to delights are given,
At the approach of death
doth feare and quake,
What earth afforded
they accounted heaven,
And now perforce
they must those ioyes forsake,
Gods blessings they
most vildly have abus'd,
And proffered time of Grace,
they have refus'd.

And now those words
which ABRAHAM *did say,*
To DIVES, *when for water*
he did call;
He findes too true
whose smarts without allay,

Because by him
all ioyes from them are chased:
Their ease and pleasures
changed quite will be,
All mirth is dash'd
by present miserie.

The sight of him
vnto their mindes doe bring
Remembrance of their sinnes
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The which with woe
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For that they see
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And now those words
which ABRAHAM *did say,*
To DIVES, *when for water*
he did call;
He findes too true
whose smarts without allay,

His Sorrowes farre more better
are then gall :
His good things onely
were upon this Earth,
But life and them, are parted
quite by death.

Terrors and feares
must needs their soules affright,
When guilty Conscience
shewes Gods angry eye,
O how they tremble !
to approach that sight,
To whom their sinne
will out for vengeance cry;
He who on earth
to grieve, they did not feare,
Will give a sentence
which their Soules will teare.

O how mans sinnes
that mild aspect doth change,
He, which for man did bleed
doth man condemne,
If by their sinnes
from the right path they range,
Wanting their guide
dangers approacheth them:
The Woolfe once seazing
'tis in vaine to flye,
Their Shepheard heares not
bootlesse 'tis to cry.

Alas, who would this world
as ought esteeme,
If truely he consider
every thing,
Those pleasures which to man
most happy seeme,

Doth

Doth soonest fade
and gone they leave a sting:
Man upon Earth
no sure abiding hath,
Then feare betime
before thou feele Gods wrath.

Belshazar when hee was
carrousing set,
Amongst his Princes
in his royall Throne;
A writing turnes
those faire delights to let,
A hand then shew'd
makes bone incounter bone,
He fearefull sits
whilst thou it doth indite,
Thou'rt weigh'd in ballance
and art found too light,

Mans life's a ſceane
and tragic knowe's ſucceed,
A Comet alwayes
future harmes foretell,
The happieſt life
by death is made to bleed,
If vnprepar'd he dye
he goes to hell:
The gate is ſhut,
and they muſt take their lot,
For 'twill be anſwered;
loe, I know you not.

Vnto a thorney field
and barren land,
How fitly may mans life
compared be,
What cares, what feares,
what griefes, are ſtill at hand,

And

And for one Ioy
ten discontents we see:
We alwayes walke
as on a bridge of glasse,
And oft it crakes
as ouer it we passe.

Still barren is this world
of true content,
Fruitfull enough
in procreating woes,
Thorny afflictions
towards vs are bent,
But certaine Ioyes
still backwards from vs goes:
Who thinkes to catch them
doth a shadow chase,
And like IXION
doth a cloud embrace

Then

Then why should man
thus waste his precious time
And triflingly let slip
his golden dayes;
O! turne to God,
whilst thou art in thy prime
And put not off
repentance with delayes:
For when death comes
it then will be too late,
By teares or vowes
for to prorogue thy fate.

Boast not of youth, or honours
wealth, or strength,
Who trusts to them
vpon a reede doth leane,
The which be sure
deceiue thee will at length.

Then

Then strive from these vain thoughts
thy selfe to weane,
And fill thy Lampe with oyle
whil'st thou hast space,
Least afterward too late
thou call for grace.

Breake off thy sinnes
by true repentant teares,
And turne to God
whilst it is call'd to day,
And rest assured
he their prayers heares,
That vnto him
vncessantly doe pray;
For to incourage thee,
he this did say,
Who comes to me
I will not cast away.

Is not mans life
compared vnto a flower,
And, O how soone! alas,
the same doth fade and dye,
Then let man time
prepar'd (each day and houre)
Least vnawares
the force of death he try:
And beare this saying
alwayes in thy minde,
As death, thee leaves
so Iudgement will thee find.

And as the Flower
in the chiefest prime,
Doth fade and dye
when Sun his face doth hide,
For 'tis not in the earth's
vast slippery clime,

An euer fading beeing
to prouide:
No more can strength
or skill preuaile at all,
To lengthen life
when God by death doth call.

And as the spring
the water forth doth put,
And by the earth drunke vp
no more is seene,
So when by death
our thrid of life is cut,
On earth we are
as we had neuer beene:
Then whil'st we liue
let's striue to purchase Grace,
That after Death
in Heaven we may haue place.

Alas!

Alas! how many are
the snares and baits,
Which Sathan layes,
our poore soules to betray,
HIENA like,
he murthers by deceites,
Through false delights
to cause us misse our way,
His Mermaides Songs
are onely sweet in sound,
Approach them not,
lest Death thy life doth wound.

Therefore the safest way
vnto our blisse,
Is meditation
of our certaine Death
And though we tread
the steps of carefulnesse,

And all our life
in sorrow draw our breath,
The guerdon of our paines
our CHRIST will give
In causing vs
eternally to live.

Thus by a godly
and an vpright life,
Man of a deadly foe
may make a friend
And by a wise provision
stint that strife,
Which Sathan laid
to bring vs to our end:
And though our flesh
prove false, our God is Iust,
By death our soule
gaines heauen, our body dust.

Be

Be ever vigilant
in all thy wayes,
And alwayes live
as in the sight of God,
Performe good actions
and use no delayes,
Then feare not Death
it brings with it no rod:
With care attend
that sure uncertainety,
And live, as every howre
thou shouldst dye.

This watchfull care
wounds Sathan in the head,
For hee that thinkes of Death
doth shun all Sinne,
By thought of this
man to the world proves dead

He counts all drosse
and only CHRIST would win:
No earthly Joyes
can cause him life to love,
His Soule is fixt
and nothing can him move.

Thus each weake Christian
may this tyrant foyle,
For by CHRIST's Death
man armed is with strength,
Though in this Combate
he a while may toyle,
But Faith in CHRIST
gives victory at length;
And with a courage bold,
man now may cry
Death where's thy sting?
Grave where's thy victory?

What

What though we dye,
as dye we surely must,
Yet by this death,
we now are gainers made.
For when our bodyes
are consumed in dust,
We shall be rais'd,
from that Eternall shade:
Our mortall bodyes,
shall immortall be,
And with our Soules,
injoy Eternitie.
Our troubles in this life,
now changed are;
From tokens of his wrath,
unto his love.
For though a while
upon the Earth we feare

Of griefes and troubles,
yet when God above:
Shall by death call vs
from the vaile of sinne,
Wee shall inioy
Eter nall blisse with him.

Where all teares shall
be wiped from our eyes,
All griefes and sorrowes
then shall ended be,
We shall be freed
from all clamarous cries,
No discontents nor troubles
shall wee see:
But Peace, and Ioyes
and comforts shall be found,
And alwayes in our eares
a heavenly sound.

Our

Our Sences shall partake
all of this Bliss,
Our Eyes shall evermore
behold our King,
Our Hearing heavenly musicke
shall possesse,
Our Tongues shall evermore
his Praises sing:
Thus Smell, and Taste,
thus hands, and eares, and sight,
Shall evermore injoy
a full delight.

Vnto this Happinesse
and place of Ioy,
In thy good time
sweet Saviour Christ vs bring,
Where being freed
from Sorrowes and annoy,

FINIS.